

THE

WAR



CRY

AND OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE SALVATION ARMY

IN CANADA, NORTH-WEST AMERICA AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

16th Year, No. 23.

WILLIAM BOOTH,  
General.

TORONTO, MARCH 3, 1900.

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Commissioner.

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## THE WEAKNESS OF GOD.

"The weakness of God is stronger than man"—1. Cor. I, 25.

The Siege program designates the next two weeks to be devoted to desperate soul-saving efforts. Doubtless there has been much planning and scheming on the part of officers and soldiers as to the best method of reaching souls, dying souls. Blood-bought souls, sin-steeped souls, and bringing them in true repentance to the Saviour. Soul-saving is always

our aim—in all things—but we want to make some very desperate efforts to reach hardened cases who do not ordinarily come under our influence, or whom we have so far not reached by our usual methods. The past Sieges have proved that careful planning and organizing for such efforts have brought about some very glorious achievements; the trophies of these

Sieges stand as living and uncountable witnesses in many camps today. Organization, order, system, machinery, business ability—call which you like—ought to be fully appreciated as a factor of success in soul-saving, but it can never take the place of a living faith in God. Just as the rain, which nourishes a living plant and hastens its growth, hastens the decay of the dead plant, so the rules and regulations that guide the united actions of the members of a God-inspired Army in channels of greatest success, will make futile the efforts of any individual who relies on such regula-

tions only. Organization is the body, faith the soul of success in the Siege. The body, operated through the brain by the soul, is a wonderful mechanism, a mighty machine to tear down or to build up the Kingdom of Christ, but without the soul it decays and becomes a nuisance.

No amount of ingenuity, learning, wisdom, talents, personal attraction or force can take the place of faith. Faith makes the child a giant, and the weakest human creature more powerful than the legions of hell. The weakness of God, spoken of by the Apostle, is not a particular failing on God's part, but that helplessness of man that seeks not the source of human strength, but finds omnipotent strength by faith. Again and again, right through the ages, we trace men and women—none too many, alas!—who, without any remarkable talents, or learning, or advantages of an extraordinary kind, have risen from unexpected quarters, from lonely places, and humble homes, and have stirred whole nations and continents. Their deeds ring out clear and true; the best in the heart of millions responded to their electrifying example, and the course of history has been turned into new channels by their daring. And what was the secret of their success? Faith, living faith, faith triumphant!

### THE MAID OF ORLEANS.

One such instance is illustrated by the picture on this page. Joan of Arc was the daughter of poor peasants of France. In her youth she minded her father's sheep. Being much alone in the fields, her mind turned to God in prayer; she was known in the village as a child of exceptional piety. She was seventeen years of age when she heard that the English were ravaging and subduing France.

One day the timid girl declared to her parents and friends that the angels had called her to deliver her country, and asked to be taken to the King. Scoffing, sneers, entreaties, and tears were alike ineffectual to turn her from her firm conviction. She had received the heavenly call, her faith demanded that she should go and do as she was bid.

Obstacles upon obstacles came upon her path to turn her from her purpose, but she pressed on through them all. For two years she was subjected to all manner of tests and examinations, as well as insults, but her faith bore her over it all. Finally the King placed her at the head of the army. Her appearance enthused the soldiers miraculously. She led the troops on to victory and raised the siege of Orleans. Although misunderstood at the time, imprisoned and burned at the stake for heresy, she was afterwards exonerated, and her name, even now, after nearly five centuries have passed, is honored throughout the civilized world. What was the secret of her victories? Faith, unwavering faith in her divine mission.

### LET US CONQUER LIKEWISE.

If our faith in God, and His love, and ableness to save is living— pulsating in our very veins and felt in our every breath—then there will be no slumber so callous that he cannot feel your influence; there will be no sceptre so steely that the spirit of conviction will not pierce the armor of unbelief through your efforts.

We must win; we must make it harder than ever for men to go to hell; we must force the careless to stop and think; we must save souls, and save them in greater numbers, and it can be done by FAITH IN GOD.



Joan of Arc Receiving the Angel's Call While Keeping Her Father's Sheep.

## The Saved Bushwhacker GOES TO THE BUSH.

By ENSIGN PARKER.

The old story repeated: A true Salvationist moves far away from the S. A. but the fire in his bones won't let him be idle. He must do something to show his colors and help roll the old chariot along.

A letter came to me from Major Carter, saying Bro. Payne, of Coe Hill Mines had written him asking for G. B. M. Boxes. It so happened I knew this Bro. Payne, and I made up my mind I must see him and find out what kind of a country he was living in. But, alas! Coe Hill is many miles from any S. A. corps—about 50 I think. However, "where there's a will there's a way," and where there is such a good-natured gentleman as the General Superintendent of the C. O. I., the way don't seem to be too far off. And now begins a series of pleasant occurrences and kind deeds done by many people that will ever make the memory of this journey very pleasant.

I wrote Bro. Payne. The answer came back, "Come, and I will arrange a whole week of meetings for you—a different place every night." Settled. I'll go.

A tall Salvationist enters the office of the General Superintendent of the C. O. I. He is greeted pleasantly, and goes out with a letter giving him a right to travel all over the line at a cheap rate. God bless Mr. C.!

I do meetings in Cobourg; nice crowd, good time. Port Hope; no lies on Carter. Millbrook; poor. Well, I guess he's warm now. Peterboro; the brotherly breed of Staff-Captain Burditt does one good. A letter came from Bro. Stone, of Lakeside, with \$4.00. G. B. M. I say. Mr. Editor, these Stones are two bricks, and no mistake.

Sunday in Campbellford. A nice lit advance in G. B. M. cash here. Monday I land in the home of Father Williams, at Strirling. Here is an old couple who know how to praise the Lord. One son an Englishman, the S. A., one a Methodist minister. They have much to praise the Lord for, and they do praise Him in good style, and the fire burns all the better in my own heart for the few hours I spent with them. They are both red hot Salvationists, though far away from any corps.

Next day I start for Coe Hill. Get to the Junction. Oh! I have left my carbide behind me, which means no light for the lantern. "My wife is going to S.," says a gentleman, "she'll get it for you." "I'll send it to you to-morrow," says the obliging Station Agent. Thank you both, gentlemen.

The train comes. An accommodation—get on or off almost anywhere—gets to the station and it has nothing else to do. At St. Ola, Bro. Quackenbush, of Trenton, meets me. He will arrange meetings if I will give him the dates. "Ding-dong" went the bell, that wonderful train is "back" moving again, and I am off to Coe Hill. "No stop over," says my return ticket. What shall I do? I must do St. Ola on my way back. Why, Mr. C. is on the train. A stroke of his pen will settle it, and in his usual pleasant way he settled it.

Coe Hill Mines at last! The happy face of Bro. Payne greeted me. Yes, meetings are arranged. Nice time at Hill that night, people much interested. Drove home to Bro. Payne's. That poor horse, Ned! Like some folks, when he had a hard time he took a lengthened turlough. On the level he could make three miles an hour, but going up-hill—"enough said!" Speaking of hills, sir, I have seen the hills of Muskoka, the romantic scenery of Vermont, but nothing like this takes the prize. Generally if you are not going up hill you are going down; but at last we reach home, and supper, and bed. Thank God!

Daylight, breakfast, off for Ormaby. Meeting in a school-house. Went to a hotel. What language one man talks! How vile! Some are men who think

themselves smart. Truly this base fellow vomited out the filth of the pit. God save him!

Putting up for the meeting, a boy comes in ready to do anything, to get wood, water, milk—that boy could talk. "Going to have any music?" he says. "Our teacher can play fine. If you just get her to play the organ we'll have a fine time." The hotel-keeper comes in, and another man, whose tongue proved him to be a son of "bonnie Scotland." Just came to wish us success, they say, and they leave us a dollar in hard cash. Thank you, gentlemen. A nice crowd of people, much pleased with the large, clear pictures that Acetylene Gas makes. A slight hitch occurs. Thanks for that boy's information about his teacher, a little music will just fit in, and for the moment, under the skillful management of Miss Wigg, the teacher, the music is playing and the crowd singing heartily. That boy was right, his teacher knows how to play, and her kind assistance was much appreciated. The picture is on the sheet again. Finally the people go away expressing hearty approval of the proceedings. Next morning we visit a family who used to attend the S. A. in Peterboro many years ago. Here we met our boy-friend of the evening before.

"Get up, Ned! Go on, you brute! Get a move on!" and at the rate of three miles an hour we rattle off for L'Ambre. Dinner with a kind friend who had not slept the night before on account of the war reports. We assured him that there was no danger, and left her satisfied. I think that neither Boer nor Fealan would trouble her there.

(To be continued.)



## PLAN OF THE SIEGE.

February 25th to April 2nd, 1900

Desperate Soul-Saving—Sunday, March 4th, to Saturday, March 17th.

Juniors' Week—Sunday, March 18th, to Saturday, March 24th.

Enlistment Week—Sunday, March 25th, to Saturday, March 31st.

Universal Enrolment of Soldiers—Sunday and Monday, April 1st and 2nd.



## Rat Portage Garrison Cadets GIVE THEIR TESTIMONIES.

Praise God. I'm saved and have an up-to-date salvation. I love God and His work with all my heart, proving, moment by moment, that His power is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him. Feeling and knowing that His will concerning me is to be a fisher of men, I'm going forward in His strength.—Cadet A. S. Quist.

In looking back over the few months since I have spent in the Training Home in Rat Portage, I look upon them as the happiest days of my life. The Training Officers are all that could be desired to make Cadets love and honor their S. A. I have been here something over four months, and have not heard an unkind word from them. I love the light and am well in my soul. That which at first was a great cross to me, visiting and calling on my S. A., has become a great source of blessing.—Cadet Harry.

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My first reason for being a Cadet is that I firmly believe that God called

me to preach His Gospel, and woe is me if I preach it not! Secondly, it was the S. A. that brought me to the God, and I think we should stick to the bridge that carried us over. Thirdly, the Salvation Army affords me so many grand opportunities to work for God that I would not have in other places. I have been in the Garrison since just one month today, and I must say I am enjoying my days of Training. Jesus saves me now.—Cadet C. J. Scott.

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When about 15 years old, I left school and went to work in an office in London, Eng., got into trouble and ran away from home. I returned home again and was taken back into the office, but soon had to leave again on account of bad conduct, and then I refused to work until I was sent to Canada. Came out, rounded around, working very little and living a wild life, until at last, one day I went to an Army meeting and God's Spirit strove with me. Although I went on sinning for three years, at last I gave my heart to God. Was a slave to tobacco until the night I was saved, threw my pipe away and the desire left me from then, and has not returned. A few months later I felt God calling me for an officer, I offered myself and was accepted and arrived in the way through what seemed impassable barriers.—Cadet A. Hirstow.

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In 1896 the Army opened fire in Jamestown, N. D. Previous to that time I was one of the so-called good sort of fellows in the eyes of the people, but soon after attending the meetings of the Army I found out that I was far away from the Kingdom. One night, I shall never forget it while I lasts, it was on the 3rd of April (Good

## Our Newfoundland Letter.

The Salvation Army in Newfoundland is a live institution, with wonderful abundant energies. "Forward!" is the motto of the "generalissimo" here, who is ever pleased with an opportunity to capture new territory. With all your boasted advances in the "Great Dominion," you will have to pull ahead if you desire to keep in the forefront of the battle. Brigadier Sharp is full of faith and the Holy Ghost, and always found standing unflinchingly at the post of duty.

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The Army has recently opened new stations at Clark's Beach, Rocky Harbor, Black Island, New Town, and will open at Fox Harbor, in Trinity Bay, shortly.

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The Army's educational work is flourishing. Four teachers are engaged with 200 children, in the city. Clark's Beach has a school with 50 children; Gloucester has a school with 75 children; and there are Army schools in eight other places, with from 25 to 40 attendants.

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The Carbonian corps are now employed erecting a new barracks and Junior hall, which will soon be pushed forward to completion. The soldiers here are characteristically heroic, and will play their part well in the God-assigned mission of the Army in Newfoundland. Arrangements have been completed for building four new barracks and eight officers' quarters, and their sympathizers are raising the money among themselves to defray the cost. What do you think of that for poor old Newfoundland, with its "fish and fog"? It is pretty hard to say just how the Belgians are doing. It looks as if he is intended to capture the whole Island and place it under the S. A. Flag.

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Capt. McLean is rushing things at St. Johns 11. She is a very busy officer, and her activity and earnestness have done much to inspire her soldiers with faith and courage to go forward in the fight.

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Capt. Harris, of the Stum Corps, is small, but very good. The proverbial remark that the best of stuff is sometimes put up in small parcels is exceedingly appropriate in his case. God bless Capt. Harris in all his efforts of his self-denial and Christ-like duties, and crown her life with an abundance of success.

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The Citadel is the great centre of activity and attraction. Adj. Dowell is keeping up his reputation as a hustler. Big crowds attend all the meetings, and the weekly average of souls is fifteen. The Adjutant is a hard fighter, with an unswerving determination to show the enemy no quarter whatever. Seven young men are now at the Training Garrison, undergoing a course of training for the S. A. ministry. The brass instruments have arrived, and the band will have had sufficient practice to play in two weeks from now. This will give unbounded attraction and interest to the meetings at the Citadel. The collections and round are keeping up to the mark, and the people respond generously to special demands.

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The three-months' Siege opened with a rousing temperance meeting at the Citadel on Thursday night last, and your modest correspondent had the honor of standing on the platform and saying a few words on the occasion. The sprightly and indefatigable Adjutant was in the front line, and the meeting throughout was intensely interesting. It looks as if old General Apollon will have to beat a hasty retreat before the Siege is over. The singing on Thursday night was a very special feature of the meeting. Little Master Hoodwood's rendering of "The pearls gates are golden," was simply excellent.

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The Rescue Home, under Adj. To-vell's well and careful management, is destined to become an unspeakable boon to the poor, unfortunate ones of this community. It is a very great pleasure to visit the Home and witness the indications of reform in those to whom it has afforded refuge.

R. T.

# A LADDER TO HOLINESS.

BEING SEVEN STEPS LEADING TO

## →\* FULL SALVATION. \*←

BY THE GENERAL.

(Reprinted by Request.)

**T**HIS Ladder is constructed on the plan of the one "How to be Saved," and is intended for the use of those seeking for holiness of heart. To those who wish to use it we give the following counsel:

- 1.—Set apart a special time for its consideration, and retire for this purpose, if possible, into some place where you can be alone with God.
- 2.—Read the article carefully and thoughtfully from first to last, and then go through it again as described below.
- 3.—Earnestly pray for the guidance of the Holy Spirit.
- 4.—On your knees before God, with all your heart, take one step at a time. Be careful not to leave the first step for the second until it is clearly understood, heartily accepted, and solemnly decided upon; and so on with the second and third steps, until the last is reached.
- 5.—If this course be followed, I feel quite sure that every sincere person will be brought into the possession of the desired blessing of "a clean heart."

### FIRST STEP.

I Am a Child of God.

I am a child of God. I can with confidence call God my Father. I know that Jesus Christ is my Saviour, and that He has pardoned my sins. I have been converted—that is, my heart and life have been changed by the Spirit of God. The fear of death and judgment and hell has been taken away. I love God, and want to please Him. I hate sin, and want never to do evil any more. I pray and read my Bible, and love Christ's people. I do a little work and give a little money to extend the Kingdom of Heaven on the earth, and very much wish that I could do more. I hope that my Saviour will be with me when I come to die, accept me in the Day of Judgment, and then receive me into Heaven to dwell with Him for ever.

### SECOND STEP.

I Know, with Sorrow, that Sin Still Exists in My Heart and Life.

But, although I have this assurance that I am a child of God, I also know, to my sorrow, that there are evils still existing in my heart and life which ought not to be there, and which I very much wish could be removed. For instance, there are in my soul the remains of—

Pride,  
Vanity,  
Bad Temper,  
Malice, Hatred, and Bitterness,  
Revengefulness,  
Ambition,  
Lust,  
Sloth,  
Love of the Pleasures and Riches of the World,  
Selfishness,  
Want of Thorough Truthfulness,  
Duty, etc., etc.

Honestly select from this list the particular evil, or evils, which you have reason to believe exist within your own heart, with which you have to battle, and which every now and then overcome and lead you into actual sin.

Look at that particular sin, or sins, when discovered, until you see and feel their hatefulness, and until you detest and loathe them.

I find that these evils manifest themselves in my conversation, in the manner I discharge my family duties, in the way I conduct my business, and in almost every part of my daily life.

I feel that these evils damage my example as a Salvationist, and very often prevent me reproving sin in those around me, because I feel when I do so that I lay myself open to the charge, "Physician, heal thyself." They also interfere greatly with my happiness, causing me much irritation and vexation of spirit, often leading me into actual sin, on account of which I am brought into condemnation, and have to seek forgiveness. The most deplorable of all, I know that these evils grieve my Saviour, being contrary to His will concerning me, and in direct opposition to His word.

I am sure I hate these sins, and long to be delivered from them.



### RECONCILIATION.

Reconciliation Must Precede the Direct Soul-Saving Effort, as the Flow Goes Before the Harrow.

### THIRD STEP.

I Believe that Jesus Christ Can Save Me from All Sin.

From what I have read in the Bible by what I have heard from my comrades, and by the light God has given me by His Holy Spirit in my heart. I now see and believe that it is possible for me to be delivered from these inward and outward sins, and that I can be made holy in this life. I believe that I can, as the Scriptures say, be cleansed from all unrighteousness, and from the love of the flesh, and enabled to perfect holiness in the fear of the Lord.

I do not expect to be delivered from temptation, or from sorrow, or from suffering, or from the possibility of falling into sin in this world; but I do believe that God can work such a change in my appetites and dispositions, and give me such a measure of the power of His Holy Spirit, as will enable me to live without committing sin. For now I see that the purpose for which Jesus Christ has been into the world, and for which He lived and died and rose again, was to destroy the works of the devil out of my heart and out of my life.

I believe that this blessing of holiness is offered to me in the Bible, and

urged upon my acceptance by the Holy Spirit, and that God is waiting to cleanse me from all iniquity and make me clean. Even now, while I kneel before Him, He is saying to me, "I will sprinkle clean water upon you and you shall be clean; from all your filthiness and from all your idols I will cleanse you. A new heart also will I give you; and a new spirit will I put within you; and I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh and will give you a heart of flesh. And I will put My Spirit within you, and cause you to walk in My statutes, and you shall keep My commandments and do them."

"Oh, Joyful sound of Gospel grace.

Christ shall in me appear;  
I, even I, shall see His face,  
I shall be holy here.

"My heart shall be His constant home.  
I hear His Spirit's cry:  
Surely He saith, 'I quickly come.'  
He saith, 'Who cannot lie.'"

### FOURTH STEP.

I Now Choose, with All My Heart, to be Holy.

Believing that God has promised to cleanse my heart and my life when I ask Him to do so with all my heart, I

pinness and holiness of my fellow-creatures.

(a) I put away everything evil in the thoughts, feelings, and imaginations of my heart.

(b) I give up all that appears to be evil, wasteful, or impure in my personal habits, whether in my eating, drinking, dressing, talking, or in any other particular.

(c) I give up and abandon everything that is wrong in the way I conduct myself in my family, in my dealings with my wife or husband (if I am married), with my children or servants (if I have any), in my conduct towards my master or mistress (if I am so employed), and in my business and the general conduct of my daily life.

(d) Nay, not only do I here renounce those things which I know to be evil, but these things which appear to be doubtful, I will abstain from doing, or allowing to be done, so far as I can, anything about the rightness or wrongness of which I have any serious doubt. I read in my Bible that "He that doubteth is damned," which means condemned; and I will not be condemned by doing doubtful things.

### SIXTH STEP.

I Consecrate Myself Fully to the Service of God.

Not only do I, by God's help, promise to cease from all evil, but I do fully and freely consecrate myself here and now to the service of God. I do deliberately and cheerfully lay myself and whatever I possess at His feet, and beg Him to make what use He can of so poor, weak, and unworthy an instrument as I am, and of such trifling treasures as I possess, for the promotion of His glory and the welfare of His creatures, both in this world and in the world to come.

I give Him my body that it may henceforth become His dwelling-place; I give Him my hands, feet, eyes, ears, tongue, and everything else connected with it, together with all its appetites and powers, for Him to keep and employ as He sees fit.

I give Him my mind with all the faculties of memory, judgment, imagination, conscience, and will, that He may cleanse it and preserve it blameless to the day of His coming.

I give Him my heart, with all there is in it—its capacities for affection, hatred, worship, hope, fear, faith—in order that He may purify, occupy, and fill it with His love.

I give Him my goods, and promise to regard them as belonging to Him and to His Kingdom, solemnly engaging to use them in such a way as I have reason to believe He will approve, and as He shall show me will be most productive of His glory and the benefit of my fellow-men.

In short, I give Him my life, and promise to regard myself henceforth as belonging as much to Him in the place where I now live as I expect I shall do when I come to live with Him in Heaven. I leave my condition and position entirely to His good pleasure. He can make me poor or rich, sick or well, the head or the foot. He can keep me on earth or take me to heaven. I belong to Him.

### SEVENTH STEP.

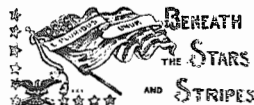
I Believe that God, for Jesus Christ's Sake, Cleanses Me Now.

And now, O Lord, believing that You want me to be holy; that Jesus Christ, by His death, has purchased for me His deliverance from all evil, and that You have promised to make me holy when I seek for the blessing with all my heart; and having the witness that I do at this moment renounce every evil, and present myself a living sacrifice according to Your wish, I believe that You do here and now accept my offering and purify my heart.

As a stone which the builder takes and lays upon the foundation, so I this moment lay myself on the foundation which Jesus Christ has laid, even His own blessed body—a sacrifice which, by His death, covers the sins of our past life, and sanctifies the imperfect offering which I now make, and regard less of fears or feelings. I do now believe that You do, for Christ's sake, cleanse my heart, and purify my life, and that the blood of Christ cleanses this moment cleanse me from all inward and outward sin. Glory be to the Father, glory be to the Son, and glory be to the Holy Ghost! I am fully the Lord's and He is fully mine.

# ★ EASTERN STARLETS. ★

## Attack on St. John.



By MAJOR PICKERING.

Touring, to the people who are strong, becomes tiring sometimes, but to the folks who have weak bodies doubly so.

The Provincial Officer, Major Pickering, is not daunted by difficulties, however, and in spite of a crippled limb, has gone through a most successful tour.

NEW GLASGOW came first. The P.O. arrived at midnight, having met the Chancellor by the way. We were met by Capt. McElheney, bubbling over with enthusiasm about his corps. Thursday the officers of the District came in and the P. O. conducted two councils, dealing with every phase of an officer's work and life. They will be long remembered.

The barracks was packed at night for a great demonstration. The P. O. was unable to do much, although present. The Chancellor, Staff-Capt. Rawling, led off very spiritedly, gathering at which Adjt. McLean and Capt. Lamont, formerly of this corps, assisted. Everybody delighted. Westville brass band came in and helped make things go.

GLACE BAY was reached Saturday afternoon. The corps turned out in force to give the P. O. and Chancellor a welcome, and soon we were in the midst of a happy, shouting crowd.

The welcome meeting Saturday night was a "dandy" and no mistake, soldiers boiling over. Sunday, in the Victoria Hall immense crowds gathered. Baby Freida Thompson was dedicated in the afternoon, after which the P. O. met the soldiers. What a time it was. At night the magnificent crowd sat spell-bound listening to our leader. The day's fighting resulted in 11 souls at the Mercy Seat. Everybody delighted, and crying, "Come again soon." Capt. and Mrs. Thompson have a good hold and are doing grand work.

Monday found us on our way to SYDNEY. What a change in a few months. Six months ago Sydney was in a sleepy place, but now it is bustle and activity. The great new Iron Works has brought nearly 5,000 new people into the town. Houses are being put up by the hundred. The Salvation Army has risen with it, and our barracks has been filled every night, with crowds of the right sort. The Major met the Cape Breton officers during the day in council, and each one seemed possessed with a great determination to do something. Adjt. and I expressed themselves anxious to push the war faster than ever. Meanwhile outside a furious storm of rain was raging, flooding the roads, and making traffic a great difficulty. It consisted, however, by meeting time, and a full house of people crowded in to hear the Provincial Officer. The Captain had worked hard to get a crowd, and he was rewarded. A rousing salvation meeting followed, and resulted in five men, two women and a man. There is a great future before Sydney. Capt. Percy is jubilant over the prospects. He has things well in hand.

NORTH SYDNEY came next on the list. Things here have been rather low for a long time, but the break is coming. Capt. Brown and Lieut. A. Matthews have been here, and in report good meetings, Crys sold, and they assured us the debt of \$90 would soon be wiped away. The hall was nicely filled in spite of a "Ward" meeting close by. We had a good time, but none yielded. Keep at it, Captain, the break will come.

SYDNEY MINES was visited next night. The Methodist Church had a good crowd, nearly all converted. Capt. Doyle has worked among many discouragements, being unsettled, no brass band in the hall, but he has worked hard and done well for the children.

HALIFAX was reached Friday night, where we were soon made comfortable by the kindness of Adjt. and Mrs. McLean. The week-end campaign commenced at HALIFAX I.L., where, in spite of the bad weather, a good crowd gathered. The meeting

was a fiery one. Many were in tears and a big impression was made. Capt. and Mrs. Lorimer are doing well.

HALIFAX I. Citadel had a splendid crowd Sunday morning, who eagerly drank in the truths. Four souls knelt at the Mercy Seat at the close.

DARTMOUTH was visited in the afternoon, and we had a nice meeting. We were pleased to see the barracks open again after the serious illness of Mrs. Capt. Pelly, whom it was a pleasure to find getting better, although still needing our prayers.

HALIFAX I. at night again. Full house and a marvellous meeting. No one wanted to go when the prayer meeting came. The devil worked to prevent victory, but a strong "bayonet" charge resulted in the capture of three men—splendid cases. Hallelujah!



MAJOR PICKERING, P. O. Eastern Province.

DARTMOUTH was again visited on Monday night. All our city corps united to hear the P. O.'s famous lecture on the "International Social Work." A splendid audience, including M. P., representatives of the churches, etc. They listened for an hour and a half, minutes, alternately moved to laughter and tears, as the Major graphically described the various scenes and accomplishments of the General's great scheme. One soldier regretfully said the Major should have started at dinner time, then he could get through it all.

Adjt. Jost was introduced at this gathering, as the new commanding officer of the Rescue Home. Staff-Capt. Rawling made a good speech, the chief points being brevity and wit.

Halifax looks and sounds very "warlike" at present, with marching troops and other preparations. The S. A., under Adjt. and Mrs. McLean and their officers are pushing ahead.

WINDSOR, the last on the tour, was reached early Tuesday, and we were soon in the midst of the first of two officers' councils. At night, in spite of the heavy rainstorm, we had the place crowded. Each officer had a word. The Chancellor vividly described his conversion. Then the Major, Bible in hand, launched forth in spite of great weakness, and for forty minutes swayed the large crowd. After a well-fought prayer meeting, two souls volunteered (a man and a woman). We finished with a song of victory.

Next day we journeyed home, crossing the Bay of Fundy in a furious gale, heavy seas sweeping across the strainer.

During this tour the Major has conducted eight officers' meetings, and met 90 officers; 16 public meetings, at which 25 souls have knelt at the Mercy Seat, and \$125 were given in the collections. (The Major has returned very much gratified with the prospects in this part of the Province. Unfortunately he is very unwell, and needs our prayers. He is, however, laying plans for another campaign.

Mrs. Major Pickering, assisted by Mrs. Staff-Capt. Rawling, Capt. Stobbs and Lieut. Upham, of the Provincial Staff, has been during a series of meetings at the city corps.

ST. JOHN V. the first Sunday was a distinct success a crowded barracks, red-hot meetings, and three souls seeking pardon. The newly-promoted Captain Kirk is doing well here.

CARLETON, the second place, was the scene of some fiery fighting, resulting in one soul set at liberty. Things have been hard, but victory is coming. Capt. and Mrs. Allan have taken well hold. A full hall rewarded their announcements of the visit.

ST. JOHN III. is like a "Salvation furnace." The P. O.'s wife and her Staff were assisted by Adjt. Jost, who was far-wellcoming. One soul volunteered in the afternoon, and three more at night. Adjt. Myers got well hold of things here.

ST. JOHN I. was the fourth battle-field. A splendid crowd gathered. Adjt. Jost said his final good-bye, amidst universal regret. St. John's loss will be a gain to Halifax. Amidst the nice speeches made, the son-saying was not forgotten. Under a strong appeal from the Adjutant, Mrs. Staff-Capt. Rawling and Mrs. Major Pickering, who pulled in the net and successfully engineered the prayer meeting through, six souls sought salvation, some very pathetic cases amongst them. At each corps the cry has been, "Come again soon."

St. John is rising, and each corps is determined to do their share in lifting the flag higher—"Westerner."

## Women's Social Secretary Leads Old-Time Week-End at Yorkville.

The war still goes on. Desperate fighting in this part of the field.

On the 10th day of February, 1904, the Yorkville company made a sortie from their old entrenchment at Yorkville Ave., and captured the Red Lion Block, a stronghold of the enemy, on Yonge St., which is now being used as a barracks for the forces.

Sunday, Feb. 15th, was a red-letter day at the Red Lion Block barracks. At 11 o'clock Lieut. John Head, Head of the Yorkville corps, ordered the amalgamation of the Yorkville corps and Rescue Staff, and unitedly they went to the heavenly army for supplies to fit them for the day's fight.

At 2:40 p.m. we marched round the enemy's camp, surveyed their position and returned to the Red Lion entrenchment, where we found a good crowd of the enemy earnestly desiring to know the conditions on which one and all might become subjects of the King of Kings and citizens of heaven. Major Stewart read the word of God to the people and gave an address on the League of Mercy.

At 7 p.m. a still greater crowd gathered. Lieut. Colonel, and it was the crowning time of the day. Mrs. Head called on Father Hunsford who called himself a camp follower and he gave us a very interesting talk on old times. At his sketch of his own experience Mrs. Head then read from God's word speaking on the far-reaching influence of Christ's boundless love. That Mrs. Head still retains the old power of touching the hearts of her hearers (which the writer modestly well was demonstrated by the result of her appeal. First came a young man, followed by his wife, and another sister. To God be glory for ever.

Yorkville corps says, "Come again. Mrs. Head."—A. Ross, Capt.

VALLEY CITY. Since Ensign Taylor has taken charge of this corps beautiful interest prevails. Our hall is nearly filled every night. On Thursday night the Ensign's sermon on the "happiness of the godly, and the unhappiness of the ungodly," drew the attention of the people, and many were led to think of their eternal welfare. A. C. for Ensign Taylor and Capt. Meyers.

The Twentieth Anniversary was a triumph. Commissioner Howard was given a royal welcome. The first Sunday's fight, led by the Commander and Council, resulted in 23 captures. The leading visitors specialized at the city corps, and all reported souls saved. The councils were sublime. The great gathering in the Carnegie Hall produces, at the time the American City closed, to eclipse all previous demonstrations.

This from the latest English War Cry: "In bygone days I used to be unkindly called a sheep-stealer," said Commissioner Booth-Parker in the course of his address at Exeter Hall, Well, from all that I heard during his stay in London, the faculty or quality for this occupation is far from dormant in him. He was observed prowling in the Editorial dens, and made no secret of his intentions at the Clifton Training House. Up to his departure, however, I had not heard of his success in capturing a single hare; the cooking process is, therefore, I fear, a long way off yet—Eric Paul.

Staff-Capt. Adams was in evidence at the reception meeting in New York as the counterpart of a new Anniversary song.

The 140 men, women, and children who constitute the Salvation Army, set forth in the words of the "Army of only, represents, probably, as much energy, enterprise, and enthusiasm as you will find among a like number anywhere. The result of their energetic work is everywhere apparent. The soldier-servant at one time, of over forty pupils, and is taught by an able Christian young woman from Denver. Staff-Capt. Burrows, usually spoken of as J. B. is the secretary of the district board.

Speaking of the Boston Social work, the War Cry states: "Never a day but the slum lass brings clothing to the insufficiently clad and food to the hungry, and few are the hard days of winter when she does not find occasion to distribute food as well. Sometimes it must be all these, and more, she brings, for many a time a slum lass has stepped between a peniless household and the dispossession that would cast them, naked and starving, upon the street. Boston's slums are not only by the look of the people, but among the very toughest of such malodorous quarters in this country; but there isn't a policeman serving a beat through that section of the city who will not concede that in neighborhoods where the slum is fastened, these slum lassies and soldiers have largely had the effect of a moral disinfectant."

## Let the Man Reform Before Marriage.

"A girl should never marry a man that she may reform him," writes Margaret Sangster, in the February Ladies' World Journal. "If he is in need of reformation let him grow himself worthy by turning from evil and setting his face steadfastly and perseveringly to good before he asks a girl to surrender herself and her life to him. Nor should a girl be too impatient with her reformed brother and friends if they counsel delay in deciding a matter which is to influence her whole career and her lover's, when they, with clearer eyes than her own, perceive in him an unsuitability to her."

## Work Here; Rest Hereafter.

"Thank God, we have got all eternity to rest in. This is the place to work. I pray my selfish friends to wake up and sleep all the time down here. Brothers, sisters, wake up! We have got plenty of time to rest hereafter. The question is not what Gabriel can do, or what we will do when we get to heaven; the question is, what can I do and I do before we get there?—D. D. Moody.



CHASING  
THE  
DEVILALL  
ROUND  
THE  
WORLD

The General has been restored to health, and conducted great meetings at Manchester and Leeds.

We are sorry to state the Chief of Staff has been attacked by influenza.

Mr. Cropper, the Army's well-known accountant, gave 11,000 officers and employees an address on the principles of book-keeping. The noon-day prayer meeting room was crowded, among those present being Commissioners Pollard and Coombs. Mr. Cropper's counsel, founded on a sound and extensive experience, was much appreciated.

Mrs. Colonel Hay's London Shm Officers dispensed nearly two thousand farthing breakfasts a week or so ago. At most of the corps the breakfast consists of a large currant-bun and a big mug of hot cocoa. The White-chapel officers, however, find the children prefer a meal in the middle of the day. They provide a very varied bill of fare. One day it will be soup, another boiled haricot beans, and a third rice-pudding and jam.

The English War Cry states: "Colonel Bailey, who came out of Regent Hall corps, has a varied career as an officer. He was one of the shining lights in the early days of Commandant Herbert Booth's command of the Training Homes. He was for some time Chief Secretary in Canada, and Chief Secretary in South Africa. His more recent appointments have been the commands of New Zealand, South Australia, and Japan. Mrs. Colonel Bailey is a Canadian, and her three children were born, if I mistake not, in three different continents. Mrs. Bailey is a daughter of a Canadian minister."

The tea given on a recent Thursday night, at our Blackfriars Shelter, was royal—the men called it "sumptuous." The night outside was as dismal as the worst of this month, and only those who live in London can take in what this signifies. Inside the Shelter five hundred men, who, but for it would have been the homeless, were warm, happy and snuggling. It was the night of their annual feed, and there came to it the Staff of the City Colony, and many friends of Lazarus, including Mr. Milbourn, one of the stars in the journalistic whirlpool of New York City. The men had a delightful time.



Lord Radstock, well known in the religious world in Europe, attended and addressed one of the meetings in the Paris Salle Aubert.

The South Division is doing good work. A great many soldiers were enrolled in that Division on the first of January.

Commissioner Booth-Hellberg intends to open shortly in Paris a night shelter for women and another charitable institution.

In a little Swiss town eight young men, who, for a long time, had been troubling the meetings, surrendered to Jesus. It was a great victory.

Ensign Hall, the Salvationist Colporteur, is securing the country, in-

roducing the Gospel and Salvationist literature everywhere.

At Basle 30 bookshelters came back to Jesus lately. 300 persons attended an all-night of prayer conducted by Ensign Ehrhardt, the Editor of our Swiss papers.

20 Candidates have entered the Zurich Training Home.



In the Argentine Republic many of our officers have been tried by the high temperature of the season. Several were confined to their bed, and some were granted a well-needed furlough.



GOVERNMENT HOUSE, HONOLULU, S. I.

Brigadier Deane has visited the corps under his command. His trip was most successful. He came back to his quarters convinced that the war is progressing rapidly in the country. He entertains great hopes for the near future.

The calendar sold by the Buenos Ayres Headquarters has been in great demand. It represents the Cross and the S. A. Colors, and contains a fine cut of our General. The calendar is printed in five colors.



Colonel and Mrs. Bailey have just arrived in London, to take up a new appointment. Speaking of the work in Japan, the Colonel says, in answer to the War Cry's query, "What about Japan?"

"Ah! right! Give it time, patience, leadership, and other, and it will be, in the religious world, what the race is proverbially considered to be—it will be a diamond-gem of Christian conquest."

"Our position as a whole is—what?" "Encouraging from whatever point you look at it. The Army is, and will be for some time, in the infantile stage as far as numerical growth goes. 'Visit a Japan hall. There are no seats, or next to none. The audience stroll in and out as if the proceedings were a novelty at a fair. The people squat on the floor. We testify, read, explain, apply, sing, pray, plead. Then comes the tug-of-

war. The officers and Salvationists separate, each entering into conversation (not argument) with the people—a sight to be relished by bayonet-loving Salvationists. At length someone rises, smiles, bows, moves toward the front as if to European eyes—he was to extend congratulations to the officer, but he kneels, and prays, and believes, and is saved.

"If I were asked to say what substantial good God had enabled us to do for Japan, I should point to our forty-four officers, thirty-one of whom are native-born. They have developed in every way, and understand the genius, purpose, and regulations of the Army as well as any I have met. All they lack is experience, and that will follow in time.

"Then you have to live with them to appreciate their devotion, self-denial, and love for sinners. Some of these thirty-one will often spend nights in prayer, and go to the mountains to wrestle in spirit with the Holy Ghost for that Galvay zeal and passion, without which it is impossible to dispel the spiritual and moral darkness of any land, but especially an Eastern.

"The Japanese officers love the Army. They revere and adore their General, and sigh many a prayer that he may visit them before he goes up above the skies. The Army is the hope of the country. This is not merely our opinion; it is the frankly-admitted conviction of those who have lived longer in the country.

"We have ample liberty to prosecute our work in town and village, where

member of the Church, but I do love the Salvation Army, for they have done wonders for my poor boy, and I shall always say, 'God bless the Salvation Army!'"

Referring to the village of Peyudu, South India, a letter from Brigadier Yessu Ratnam, just came to hand says, "All the people in the village being now Salvationists, the old heathen temple was publicly taken over, and the idols destroyed. The idol in the Temple represented the village god and goddess. Armed with iron crowbars and rice-pounders, Major Hira Singh and Major Fryer, and myself, amid the enthusiastic hallelujahs of the soldiers, made short work of them. We hope, with some alterations, to turn the place into an officers' quarters. Read Psalm II. 8."

## Oddments.

The Marchale's Belgium Campaign has been owned of God. The meetings have been attended by crowds, who were nightly taken hold of. At Quaregnon ten souls came out publicly for salvation. At Charleroi, Miss D., sister of the Editor and proprietor of an influential newspaper, who was captured in the last campaign of the Marchale's, was publicly sworn in as a soldier. Last night at Marchiennes souls came out crying for salvation.

A special winter campaign, now in full swing in Finland, is producing some truly inspiring results. The first fortnight saw nearly four hundred souls at the pentitent form, an average of ten per corps. Our special "Day of Souls," in which the three Helsingfors corps took part, was crowned with fifty-four souls at the Cross. Out of twenty-six souls won at another corps, twenty-one regularly turn up at the converts' meetings and are giving promise of becoming good soldiers.

Staff-Capt. Gordon, who has just been promoted to the rank of Major, resides in Florence. It is said he possesses the largest collection of Salvation Army photographs of any officer on the Continent. He is an authority on the lantern, and his lectures to the Italians of the Army are a useful tailpiece to our operations in Italy.

Commissioner McKie reports that there has been a truly wonderful change in the attitude of the public of Cologne since the opening of a slim corps in that town. The newspapers have spoken very highly of the effort. A free dinner, given to a number of poor people on the occasion of the Emperor's birthday, was also very favorably commented upon by the Press.

## Each Can Do Something.

There isn't a child of God but can do something if he will. Go home on fire, and see if you can't get people to go to church. If you can't get grown people, get the children. If you can't get people to go to church, go to their homes. Hold meetings in the school-houses. Go up into these mountainous and visit the families. All along in New England and all through this country—through Pennsylvania and the Middle States—look at the thousands of the children of families in the outlying districts that are not in the habit of hearing preaching, and as things are now there is no way of reaching them. I'd like to see laymen preaching in these people. I don't believe they are ever going to be reached till the latter go to work. You haven't got to wait till you are ordained. Christ's commission is to every one: "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." If we are the branches we are to bring forth fruit. Make up your mind you are going to bring forth fruit. When I was in London, an old woman of eighty-five came and begged to be given something to do. I gave her a district, and how joyfully she took it and went to work. People who would have closed the door on a young man wouldn't close the door on an old woman of eighty-five. If everyone would do as much as she did, what a difference there would be! —D. L. Moody.



Commissioner Higgins writes that the distress caused by the famine in India is terrible in the extreme, and begs Uncle Paul, of the English War Cry, to say just one word. That a shilling a week from one hundred subscribers for a few weeks, could save many lives, and preach a more powerful discourse on the glories of Christianity to a heathen world than tens and tens of tracts, and even Bibles, which only the educated are able to read.

The urgent appeals on behalf of the famine-stricken in India have brought forth many most touching instances of self-denial on the part of the people in very humble circumstances. One dear woman, in sending ten shillings to Mrs. Booth, writes, "I am a poor woman with a husband afflicted for twelve years, but, thanks be to God, I have never wanted bread for my poor children. It makes my heart ache to read of the miseries of the poor Indians in your papers. I am a

# THE SOLDIERS' BUREAU

INTEREST

INSTRUCTION

INTELLIGENCE

## Terse Topics.

### OUR OLD EVER-NEW ATTRACTION.

The closing of Reconciliation Week brings us to the fortnight which the Siege sets apart for desperate soul-saving. This should be for every soldier the centre of the campaign. This is the field wherein the most triumphant victories for God and the Flag may be gained, this is the day and the hour for the deliverance of sin's captives, this is the opportunity to prove our love to the Cross and loyalty to the cause and to increase our own capacity to bless and save. Does any soldier-voice, sadly behind the times, suggest that this is no new work after all—that soul-saving is always our object and work? To such we would say that the exhaustless possibilities of this aim offer ample means for new efforts, new enthusiasm and fresh results. The need is as great as ever. Blood-bought souls as precious, men dying as fast, the Saviour still waiting to save, the chance to win Heaven's Victoria Cross is ours—and ours now.

## RED-HOT.

I know of nothing that marks out our Salvation Army people more than being red-hot. You say that this is a truism, and perhaps it is so; but it is a truism that we cannot be too often reminded of.

I once met a young man whose experience was for a long time an up-and-down one. He had been at one time a full-uniformed bandsman, and at one period Bandmaster; but the testing-time came, and he would not pay the price; as a result he went down. He frequently came forward, and I believe he sincerely desired to be of some use to God; but he was not willing to come to open-air or wear uniform, and as a result he was, and I believe still is, one of those back-seat soldiers, whose presence is not an inspiration to an officer, and whose criticisms are often of a discouraging character. The secret of his wretched failure—and are not such failures as these the most wretched of all—lay in his unwillingness to be desperate. "When I was red-hot," I once heard him say, and "when I was red-hot" is still the first thought that comes to my mind whenever I think of him now.

"Thou hast a name to live, and art dead," by the very terrible denunciation by the beloved Apostle; but of thousands of Christians I am much afraid this is true.

Comrades, we need your earnestness—your red-hot spirit—and we are unable to get on without it.

As soldiers we know our best ammunition is to be had from God alone, and it is just in proportion to the time and attention we give to his directions that our firing will be hot and deadly or desultory and ineffectual.

Our fight against sin is a soldier's battle; full private or officer, we have all one share. Let us make up our minds that our corner of the battlefield will be one of the hottest—Maurelce Whitlow, in British Cry.

## The Lesson of the Little Fish.

A preacher, meeting a Salvation Army lass in the street, said to her in a pompous style: "My dear child, you really imagine the God we keep a little girl from sin in this world?" She hesitated while he waited for an answer. "Can God keep a little fish in the salt sea from getting sick?" he asked. "Oh," replied the preacher, "that's a natural phenomenon." "And His keeping me from sin is a spiritual phenomenon?" was the prompt answer.

## A Solitary Soldier's Story.

"It is a disgrace. I repeat, Rachel, it is a positive disgrace! As if your absurd objection to the dancing class was not sufficient, you must bring these dreadful papers here!"

"Mother," the girl's voice was tremulous, but determined, "if you knew what these papers told—"

"There's no comfort," went on the indignant lady, unhesitatingly, "you'll find no respectable cottager in our village to accept a copy."

A new, and to the mother, disagreeable independence seemed to have taken possession of her previously dutiful daughter. For Rachel answered, an almost twinkle in her eye:

"I shall not attempt giving them away. I can't afford it, and the practice would pauperize the people. I shall sell them."

"Sell them?" The Principal of Hexton's Ladies' Collegiate nearly screamed. "Is my daughter to turn news-vendor for the Salvation Army? Really, Rachel, I am almost inclined to suggest your return to your Salvationist friends in the city, and I will engage Francis Schmidt, of that charming advertisement, to take your place. Think of our pupils' reputation. Besides," here the haughty tone faltered, "you and I, Rachel, were always one in our search after truth. Have you left me to strangle alone, and satisfied yourself with this myth of war?"

"It is no myth, mother," said Rachel. "My old doubts and problems seem rather to be shadows now. The God of the Salvation Army has become a reality to me, and I can't help doing what, to you, looks incomprehensible to bring the villagers to realize Him too."

A month since Rachel would have discredited the truthfulness of anyone who had dared to prophesy her ever giving vent to such a speech. That three weeks' visit to the city had wrought a radical change in the timid little governess. Though she knew it, she was already a "Hallelujah" note. The transformation had taken place in a wonderful Salvation Army meeting at a city corps, when, at the penitent form, Rachel resolved to put into practical effect the beautiful motto painted up in the barracks, and "Let God have all His own way" with her.

Returning to her village home, its spiritual apathy struck her for the first time. She determined to disturb its dangerous serenity, if possible, and sent for a parcel of War Crys, not without some smothered flutterings of heart. Her mother's indignation looked like the lowering of the expected storm.

(To be continued.)

## The Week's Ammunition.

SUNDAY.—To know the love of Christ.—John III. 16.

"Love me, and I will surely keep you; and I will give you the right to life, and I will not let you be lost."—John VI. 34.

MONDAY.—Love one another.—1 John IV. 7.

"The love of God is in many. Though the language be but one, Study all you can of God."—While life's passions subside—hours—

TUESDAY.—Continue ye in My love.—John XV. 9.

"Because in His love we are never more lonely. Because we will live for Him ever and only."

WEDNESDAY.—Love is of God.—1 John IV. 7.

Not shown by all alike—the power to love—And not less blessed for proportionate gain.

His very seal is the royal crown of them."

THURSDAY.—I have loved you, saith the Lord.—Mal. I. 2.

"Rest in quiet joy on this. Greater love hath none than His: And may this thy life be—Love to Him Who loveth thee."

FRIDAY.—We love Him, because He first loved us.—1 John IV. 19.

"Tis but a feeble effort of His great love to you. Yet in His ear each note is clear, the harmony is true."

SATURDAY.—The love of Christ constrains us.—II Cor. V. 14.

"Thy cross and passion, and Thy power, love death."

While I have mortal breath, Shall be my spring of love, and work and praise.

The life of all my days."

## Swiss Soldiers.

"I went into a confectioner's shop at Berne, to get a cup of tea," said an Army soldier, "and he surprised me."

"You a Salvationist?" I queried. "Oh yes, monsieur, praise God—I am four more here. We are going to hear our General tonight, and he's coming and spring a sermon, evidently returning from the autumn maneuvers, who had just ordered the altar to be converted." And so we all stood up and rejoiced, and the shop seemed filled with glory."

## Patent Remedies.

If you are getting lazy, weary, tired, If your faith is below par, and you are If you are impatient, sit down—write and have a talk with Job. If you are just a little strong-headed, go and see Moses. If you are getting weak-minded, take a look at Elijah. If there is no song in your heart, listen to Rachel. If you are getting solid, spend a while with Isaiah. If you feel chilly, get the beloved disciple to put his arms around you. If you are losing sight of the future, climb up to Revelation, and get a glimpse of the Promised Land.

## Maxims from Men of Mark.

"Many years ago," says Commissioner Booth-Tucker, "I made up my mind that I would do as God told me the first time He asked me, and He has helped me never to go back on that resolution."

"If you do not wear your crown, no one else can ever wear it. An open enemy or a false friend may take it from you, but they cannot wear it in your stead."—Commissioner Howard.

"No one has ever had an opportunity given to them that they have not also had the chance of missing. Look out!"—Commissioner Ralston.

## What a Soldier Should Know

### There Need be No Drones.

In the Salvation Army there is work suited for persons of every capacity, age, and station. Soldiers should take every chance of speaking in the barracks or in the open air, praying in the meetings, selling War Crys, visiting the sick, visiting the poor, visiting the prisoners, visiting the sick, or the like.

### What to Do Where There are Wards.

A soldier should take special interest in the Ward in which he lives: he should ask for the direction of his Sergeant as to what he can do for the salvation of those within it, and follow sufficient direction, should do his best according to his own judgment, relying upon God for guidance and help.

### What to Do Where There are Nots.

In places where the Ward system has not been established or kept up, a soldier should, notwithstanding, take special interest in the streets nearest his home, and carry out some definite plan of operation for the good of the people.

### A Soldier's Duty at All Times.

It is the duty of every soldier to labor always to bring fresh people to the Army services, to convict of sin and lead to God all unconverted persons, and especially to follow up, and persistently labor for, the salvation of notorious sinners.

## ON BOTH KNEES.

William Dawson once told this story to illustrate how humble the soul must be before it can find peace. He said that at a revival meeting a little lad who was used to Methodist ways went home to his mother and said, "Mother, John So-and-So is under conviction and seeking for peace, but he will not find it to-night, mother." "Why, William?" said she. "Because he is only down on one knee, mother, and he will never get peace until he is down on both knees." Until conviction of sin brings us down on both knees, until we are completely humbled, until we have no hope in ourselves left, we cannot find the Saviour.—D. L. Moody.

### Curious: "Why do you wear uniform?"

Salvationist: "That you may ask me why."

# THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Territorial Headquarters,  
Cape Town,  
January 16th, 1900.

Although just now things are comparatively quiet all along the borders, the general opinion seems to be that it is only the calm that precedes a storm.

Thank God, we of the Salvation Army here in South Africa are realizing more and more our responsibilities towards the combatants of both forces, and the zealous, selfless, self-denying labors of our officers on the front especially among the sick, and wounded, and dying—are becoming increasingly recognized, appreciated, and acknowledged. It is an unfortunate fact, but one which we are in no way responsible, that ever since the outbreak of hostilities, in October last, scarcely a line has reached us from any of our comrades now engaged with the Boer forces, beyond the very welcome communication recently received from Staff-Capt. Clark, to which reference has already been made. We have, therefore, to be content mainly with rumor, all of which goes to show that in various directions the Salvation Army is well represented within the Boer lines.

It is certain, however—and it should be specially mentioned—that nearly the whole of our African-American officers, both in Cape Colony and in Natal have relatives among the Boer forces, and some of these are known to have been killed, wounded, or taken prisoner. For these comrades the utmost sympathy is felt, and was demonstrated to the full at our recent Territorial Congress in Cape Town, from the Commissioner downwards; and as we are all one in Christ Jesus, and members of the self-same family, we feel sure that these officers will be remembered in the prayers of every War Cry reader who scans these lines.

Among British and Boer alike our officers are proclaiming the glad tidings of salvation wherever an opportunity presents itself. As matters now stand, however, we are necessarily brought more in touch

With the Imperial Troops,

among whom our devoted Leaguers are turning up in ever-increasing numbers with the arrival of fresh regiments. A large proportion of these—indeed, perhaps the largest proportion in no way isolated—are those at Modder River and locally. Here Major Swain and Ensign Scott have been actively engaged for some weeks in a blessed work with most encouraging results.

The Major paid a flying visit to Cape Town for the Territorial Congress a few days ago, whereupon our Correspondent interviewed him as follows:

"Well, Major, any adventures to recount?"

"Yes, more than time would admit of my telling at present. Amongst many others we spent a night in the guard-room, and another by the side of a transport wagon on the veldt. On our arrival at Modder River we had a most interesting experience. Our tent-pole had by some means disappeared during the journey, and, after walking and carrying our luggage about two miles, from the place where the train stopped to the camp, we found ourselves, towards evening, homeless. We sent about for a place to sleep, and found an old disused room, the windows of which had been smashed, and the door and

Walls Perforated with Bullets.

"Here we slept two days and nights until we found the shaft of a cart, and made a tent-pole of the same, and now we are more comfortable. Our adventures were not finished even then, as we found out during the first thunderstorm, when the tent was torn past repair, came down with a crash, and left us in the night huddled, with the rain coming down in torrents. However, we got shelter for the remainder of the night, and when a friend saw us in the morning breakfasting under a cart, he took pity on us and lent us a tent, so that time being—

"How many Leaguers have you in camp?"

"A few weeks ago we had about thirty-six, but at the battle of Magersfontein we lost five, so that, we now number thirty-one, but others are fast

arriving. Of course, these are not all in one place—they are made up of comrades from various regiments, and, consequently, extend over a good bit of ground."

"And the spiritual condition of the Leaguers?"

"I have been very much impressed with the Leaguers I came across. They are not only good Christians, but sterling Salvationists, and they are

Respected by Their Comrades

for their out-and-out-ness. A soldier does not like sham in religion, and is very quick to detect that which is unreal, but unsaved men have many times testified to the soundness of the religion of Salvationists and Leaguers with whom they associate every day."

## QUAINT ILLUSTRATED RHYMES.—No. 2.



"Base Error shrinks, and trembles with afright,  
When Truth descends, arrayed in heavenly light."

"Is there plenty of room for the Salvation Army in the camp?"

"Decidedly. 1. In my humble estimation the Salvation Army is the organization best able to do individual visitation and deal with these men about spiritual things. 2. A large proportion of the men in camp (quite apart from our Leaguers) have been regular attendants at the various Salvation Army barracks in the Old Country, and, in fact, never attended anywhere else except when paraded. They are our people, and it would be wrong if we were not on the spot to minister to their eternal welfare. 3. Even with all the work that is before done, there are still portions of the camp practically untouched, or, at all events, only get a service or meeting on rare occasions."

"And the value of your work?"

"It is always a difficult matter to set any value on one's work, but from the men's standpoint I can answer best by quoting the testimony of one of the Christian Indians (not a Salvationist) who attended our Sunday morning meeting on the day the troops went

out to the last battle. On his return he said to me, 'Your handshake and smile won in my mind the whole of the time I have been away, and during the engagements, when bullets were coming thick and fast around me, your last words, "The Lord bless thee, and keep thee, the Lord cause His face to shine upon thee, and give thee peace," were always present, and, added this comrade, "Glory be to God. He did it!"'

"Have you been in any engagements?"

"We were with the troops at the

Battle of Magersfontein.

and were able to render assistance with the wounded, and to some who, though not wounded, were thoroughly exhausted by the heat and exposure."

"What about ambulance work?"

"We have been privileged to take part in this also by assisting the wounded in and out of the trains and into the hospitals provided for their

"Now that it is known throughout the army that the Salvation Army is here, the men flock to our meetings. An open-air here in camp is a sight not easily forgotten. Each means an audience of about three hundred. The men seem eager to hear the truth, and, after the meetings, they have been blessed. We loan the troops song books and pick the songs that are mostly known, and it is heavenful to hear the men sing. The men have left us accounts of their wives and relatives to write in the event of their being killed. The Christians have told us some marvelous escapes which they have had whilst their comrades have been falling around them. They thank God for His goodness! Our tent has been flooded out for two days. This makes it uncomfortable for sleeping on the ground. Our Leaguers in camp are always willing to test actual spare that they have among their companions. A beautiful spirit prevails among them."

All our officers on the Natal side are in good health and spirits. Adjutant Murray is pegging away in the interest of our Leaguers and troops generally in and about Pietermaritzburg. Major Smith is bravely fighting on in his Division (Natal and Zululand) under exceptional difficulties, loyally and cheerfully supported by his officers. In a letter just to hand the Major says, "No part of the country has suffered more than for Natal. Even now her beautiful fields are the arena of the contending forces, and any moment another bloody battle may be fought."

How Long, O Lord?"

Next week our Commissioner will be paying his first visit to Natal and his presence will be heartily welcomed and will, no doubt, be a means of inspiration and encouragement to our far-distant comrades.

The Congress was an unqualified success, though the compulsory absence of many dear comrades was greatly regretted. Officers have returned to their corps in splendid spirits, baptized with the love of Calvary, and more determined than ever to fight and conquer every step of the way. It would be idle to deny that the fight is exceeding hard; this fact may be better imagined by our readers than described by your correspondent. Yes, we are being sorely "hit" on the British Cry out of the other week, but never in the history of the Salvation Army here in South Africa have comrades manifested a more resolute spirit, and never was our trust and confidence in God, our loyalty and devotion to our General and the dear old Flag, more perfect than now. At this, the beginning of a new year, we can therefore joyfully shout "Hallelujah!" and we shall "keep believing"—G. Stevens.

## The Modern Mother and Her Son.

She is Too Busy Setting the World Right to Teach Him Great Truths.

"A man learns his politics and opinions from his father and other men, but his religion from his mother," writes An American Mother, in the February Ladies' Home Journal. "No vicious manhood can quite kill the faith which sprang in his soul when he knelt, a little child, to his knee every night, and heard him whisper on her breast while she sang some sweet story of old, when Jesus was here among men." In earlier times in this country a mother had little work outside of her house and children. She watched her boy day and night to keep him near to God and out of the devil's clutches. It was she who told him of the Babe and the Cross out of the Old Book which lay on the table beside her bed. He saw her turn to it when she was happy, when she was wretched, when she was old and dying. So it came that there was nothing so near to God in that man's eyes as his mother, her Bible, and her Saviour. But now, in this long ago dead and buried. The modern mother talks of her as of some corpse annual whose feeble life was starved out in a cage. Her own feet are set in a large room. Her horizon takes in the world. She manages politics, educates children, fulfils, countless domestic and foreign missions. Art, literature, society, and helpless humanity claim her. She rises every morning knowing that a botched old world is waiting for her to set it right."

Return to Modder River to-night, to be ready to proceed with the division throughout the campaign."

Writing from the camp of the Third Division, Lieut. Warwicker says:





# "The Scarlet Thread."

BY EVANGELINE BOOTH, FIELD COMMISSIONER.

**L**EGENDARY lore has handed down to us the touching fable of the maiden's maze. The story describes an immense labyrinth of bewildering paths, the interlacings of which were so intricate that their turnings and twistings presented an endless tangle. The maze had but one inlet, which served as entrance and exit for all whose feet were forced across its fatal threshold, and many were the human sacrifices made yearly of fair maidens, who, apart from being unable to find their way back through the locked mystery of passages, blind alleys and alcoves, became the helpless prey of the monarch of the maze—a monster, half-brute and half-mann.

Enthralled by the apprehension of a hidden evil, a fair young hand thrust back the gate. The roses blooming upon the beckoning bushes seemed but the funeral garlands of the unknown tombs of those who had passed in before her. Overwhelmed by the conviction that her fate could be none the better, she hesitated, when her lover, springing to her side,

thrust within her hand a small ball of scarlet thread, and while pressing a burning kiss upon her faltering lips, whispered that the twine was fastened to the entrance, and, if retained by her would lay a scarlet line, by which she could trace her way back to safety. The girl carried it with her, unravelling it as she went, and in one of the darkest and most perplexing points of the maze, attached it to a rugged piece of rock, causing her fingers to bleed in making it secure. Then, having left the red line of deliverance for all other captives, she followed the scarlet thread out, and was saved.

Away, away, penetrating the gloom of earth's dark sky, there broke the light of angels' faces—disurbing the breathless silence of an Eastern night there came a rustling of angels' wings—cloaking the darkness of Bethlehem hills there fell the sheen of angels' raiment, and vibrating o'er mountain and valley, cliff and rock, forest and prairie, desert and garden, hut and palace there thrilled the exquisite harmonies of angels' song, heralding the dawn of a lost world's hope.

Jesus entered the maze—and was there ever such a maze presented to the gentle tread of any feet as that of this world's multitudinous paths of thorn and stone, and steep, crossing and re-crossing, its tangled forests of contradictory theories, its fountains of delusive sweets, its wastes of want, hunger and pain, its blind alleys of despair and woe, its weary climbs of suffering, its rapid declines leading to the grave?

With the light of vacated glory still lingering around Him, He passed beneath the shadows of our world's darkness, bringing from the hand of Omnipotence the "Scarlet Thread" of God's love, woven of Divine passion, in the loom of sacrifice, at the cost of heaven's loss, and God's agony. And, as the girl of the legend carried her thread through the perplexing paths of the maze, so Christ carried the cord of redeeming love through all the paths of life's bewildering ways in which men are lost—forever lost—and in which thousands of mortal and immortal sacrifices have been made.

He carried it through the iterations of a whole world's bereavement when, for the widow of Nain, He wiped all her tears away. He fastened it in every orphan's home when He gave to Mary and Martha the tender protection of His eternal friendship; He dropped it in the passage of all the un-loved and condemned when He threw wide the gates of redemption's flood right in the doorway of the wretched rent-collector, Zaccheus; He flung it over the heated pillow of every hospital couch, furnishing indescribable soothing, when with the chronic invalid at the pool of Bethesda; He threw it into the playgrounds of all childhood when He gathered the little soft cheeks to His bosom and stroked the pretty hair; He ran it down the melancholy corridors of every jail, and twisted it round the cold bars of every cell when He forgave the arrested thief on Calvary; He carried the crimson line through the blackest waters of a soul's pollution and threw it within reach of every outcast of society when He allowed a sinner to wash His feet with her tears and dry them with the abundant tresses of her defenceless head; He stretched it across the waters of deepest human sorrow, where the spade which opens the earth seems to dig into every heart, making everlasting holes there, when He stood where they had lain the remains of His friend Lazarus, and wept; He carried it down, down to the most perplexing point of the journey, where the

tangles of life's sins and mistakes gather thickest, where, of all Time's ways it is the narrowest, where the briars of conflicting questions are the sharpest, where the mists of uncertainty and doubt hang the lowest, where the seas of life in an unaccountably-returning tide surge up against the shores of eternity, and where the incline is so steep that when the points-man, Death, shuts the soul, the body is forced ever so many feet into the ground—THE GRAVE. Oh, is there no lamp to brighten the path of this maze, no power to take the sting from the blow of this hand? Yes, here's Jesus, with the scarlet thread of conquering love. He passes through its black, gaping jaws, and, on Golgotha's hill, with blood on His hands, and spikes in His feet, and thorns on His temples, a spear in His side, and a world's sorrow on His heart, He fastens it upon the eternal rock of Ages, sealing it with the drip, drip, drip of His own blood. The grave could not bind Him, the guards could not hold Him, the disciples could not keep Him, for He had destroyed the power of life's mightiest monster, and made a way out from its blackest abysses, leaving for the dying sinner the triumph:

"O grave: where is thy victory!  
O death: where is thy sting!"

Oh, I wish I could tell you what an agonizing undertaking it was—the fastening of the scarlet thread, all it cost, and all suffered, for your finding. Have you not seen it—can you

not see it now as a beacon light across the dark horizon of sin's starless night? It calls to you, this way to the Rock—this way, broken-hearted mothers, for hope; this way, little, lost children, who, with distorted consciences, do wrong for right—this way for the true light! This way, young hearts and heads which bend, and at last break beneath the blows of others' wrongs; this way for all adjustment and perfect healing; this way, ye men and women, who, overtaken in Time with the condemnations and damnations of sin, find life too hard to live: this way for cleansing, pardon, deliverance—the way of "The Scarlet Thread."

To me one of the most fascinating characteristics of the religion of the Salvation Army is its generosity—there is such a measureless "whosoever will" about it, such limitlessness in its themes, such an abundance in its faith, such a wholesale world-wideness in its invitations, such a ringing across waste and over billow, sounding in tropical climates and arctic regions, in the houses of the rich and the hovels of the poor, a call to all men.

A little ragged boy, with bare feet and torn jacket, left his seat at the back of one of our halls, and approached the officer on the platform, who, on this beautiful Sunday morning, had just concluded his address based upon that gem in the Bible canon, "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God." His closing remarks had pointed out the exceptional blessings and privileges crowning God's children. The little lad, confronting the speaker, respectfully lifting his grimy finger to the brim of his crownless hat, said: "Say, guv'nor, I'd like to be one of them there chillun o' God's, if I ain't too small, and I think my poor mother would like to be one of them there chillun, too, if she ain't too big." None too small, none too big, none too poor, none too rich, none too wretched.

and none too glad in this religion I recommend. To me, it is captivating. Salvation for all men, hope for all men, faith for all men, love for all men, restoration for all men, benedictions for all men, the open gates of heaven for all men—for "The Scarlet Thread" is for all.

## I.

**T**HE fitful glow of the dying fire cast fantastic and gloomy shadows into the cozy room, and lighted in world and changeful gleams upon the little lonely figure curled in the corner of the lounge. She had no heart to fight the lamp—the light of her life was burning too low. She was alone—a six weeks' bride. Oh, that intangible something which vinches the spirit when one is deceived in all that the fond heart wished true, that funeral cloak which wraps its gloom around what was to be brightest and best, and one sees their gladdened aspirations pall-bearers, carrying the remains of dead hopes. I think the best word we have for all this chilling and killing which comes in this in-

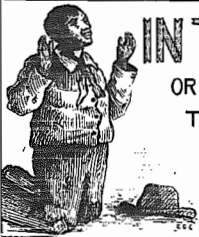
fantable something is "disappointment."

Jack Hurst was not where the lights burned low, he was where the lights blazed high for the deluding of souls into damnation and darkness, just where thousands of young men take their first step to ruin. The delusive glitter of wild society had already diminished the charms of his young wife's presence, and while she fretted in the third chamber of a Parisian hotel, he was ensnared in the dangerous fascinations of one of those bits of hell which one finds struck down amidst all the glorious architecture, tower of church, splash of fountain, display of color, bloom of flower, and burst of music of the Champs

(Continued on page 12.)



MISS BOOTH IN HER NEW SCENIC SERVICE, "THE SCARLET THREAD."



## IN THEIR STEPS

OR WHAT WOULD JESUS HAVE ME DO?  
THE SECRET OF SPIRITUAL SUCCESS

BY ADJUTANT PHILLIPS, JAMAICA

### CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

This tract remained on our church door for some weeks. Partly because, perhaps, it was so firmly gummed on, and partly because nobody considered it his or her special duty to take it off. But it was a proper eye-sore, and everybody seemed to look to see whether it was still there when they were entering the sanctuary of a Sabbath morning. The chapel-cleaner, who, by-the-by, was suspected, with a few others, of "believing in it," said it was none of her business to get warm water to wash it off—she did not get paid for that.

But things came to a climax one Sunday morning, when the minister's wife discovered, on her arrival, that someone had pasted one of our old Fete Champere hand-bills a few inches below the tract, and had chalked above, in large irregular letters, that awful word *Ichabod*. They had also drawn an angel at the top, and another—a shaven one—at the bottom, and had put their shaking hands together.

"Goodness, gracious me!" said Mrs. Southpole, "did ever anybody hear of such an outrage! This cannot be allowed." And then she sent across the way for one of her servants to bring the necessary implements to have the door washed and scrubbed. This was being done while the people were arriving at church, and they were so interested, that some gathered round and looked on, and others whispered among themselves, as they took their seats in the sacred building.

"I'm downright upset," said Mrs. S. as she went into the vestry and confronted her husband, who was just about leaving to begin the service, "and everybody else is upset and disgusted with the doings of these fanatics. You had better make the sermon as short as possible, for the people will be thinking more about this latest outrage than anything else."

It sometimes takes a little thing to excite people, who say that others should not be excited even about great and eternal things.

### CHAPTER III.

I have not yet mentioned the fact that upon a few Sunday afternoons—and week-nights, too—Bro. White, my-



CAPT. PUSHALL: "There, soldiers, is our Siege target; I don't believe there is one among you who will shrink from doing your share in this mighty effort to save the world."

self, and one or two others, had visited a village nearly three miles from the town, and had had some successful soul-saving meetings there. A publican, who at first opposed us, was among those converted; had shut up his drinking-establishment, and had placed a good-sized room at our disposal. It was a warm work, and it needed to be followed up, in the right way, of course, to become a promising mission.

For this reason, one or other of us, and sometimes more, were often absent from our regular church services. And our irregularity was more noticed and commented upon than the irregularity of those who stopped at home to sleep, or went about pleasureing, or visiting friends.

As Bro. White remarked to me one day, "Dem is puttin' a rod innu sonk fe we, Mass' Willam, as sure as my

large mission, and would afterwards return to them."

"No, Mass' Willam," replied my faithful comrade, "you do what dem shoulda do, so dem can't lub you."

But I remember that there was one thing that kept me from leaving the church of my childhood and choice, and working at the mission altogether. My sister, and some others, often reminded me of that one thing. It was this: There was nobody in connection with the mission that could administer the sacrament to myself and comrades.

Although sanctified, mark you, I still considered the ancient command, "Do this in remembrance," etc., as demanding a literal fulfillment on my part. Nor did it strike me that those who always remember, have no need of a reminder. I have no wish to condemn those who think as I once thought, and see as I once saw. I am relating my own experience. What is one man's food is another man's poison, "but if any man will do His will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God."

I shall now attempt to describe the circumstances under which I took my last sacrament. And this may throw some light to those who care to see it—on my present position as a Salvationist.

I had gone to church, having sent

"It was heavenly," said Miss Little-faith.

"That is what I call sound doctrine," Mrs. Worldly-wise man remarked. They were a short interval, so as to allow the non-communicants to leave, and the servant girls who had to hurry home to get the dinners ready for those who remained. Then the ordinance of the Lord's supper followed.

I confess that I did not have very much faith for it to-day. Perhaps it was my fault that I could not realize God's presence. If it is any satisfaction for anybody to say this they are heartily welcome. However, for the sake of it, and for something relieved when it was all over; and I am not speaking in please or displease anybody, but am simply relating facts.

(To be continued.)

### [THE LAMP OF HIS LAW.]

## Sin Discovered.

Joshua vii. 1-26.

The defeat at Ai must have been a sore disappointment and strange mystery to Joshua. Up to this he had been a blessing of God had attended Israel's campaigns with extraordinary success. From the time of Moses in Egypt, when the waters of the Red Sea had swept back to make them a way of escape from their enemies, to Joshua's own command and the miraculous crossing over Jordan to the Promised Land, God's presence and prosperity had been with the people. Then, had He not almost guaranteed the overthrow of the Canaanitish foes? Yet with all this the people had suffered sore and ignominious defeat. Poor Joshua! God did not leave His servant in doubt as to the cause. His loving kindness would not permit that the blameless leader should feel the fault his own.

Sin was the secret of the failure—not the sin of fifty or even of five, but the sin of one. It does not take a large extent of heinous crime to affect the welfare of a whole community. One man's hidden treachery has all too wide an influence for wreck and woe. God could not bestow blessing where there had been disobedience and deceit. Israel suffered since Achan had sinned.

Achan's sin was one of direct disobedience to the command of God. A complete destruction was the Divine direction, and his transgression had deliberately ignored this.

Then Achan's iniquity was one of greed. He had no need for the costly Red Jewish garment or the treasure. God had promised ample provision for his needs, as for those of all the Children of Israel, yet he coveted more and stooped to theft to secure it.

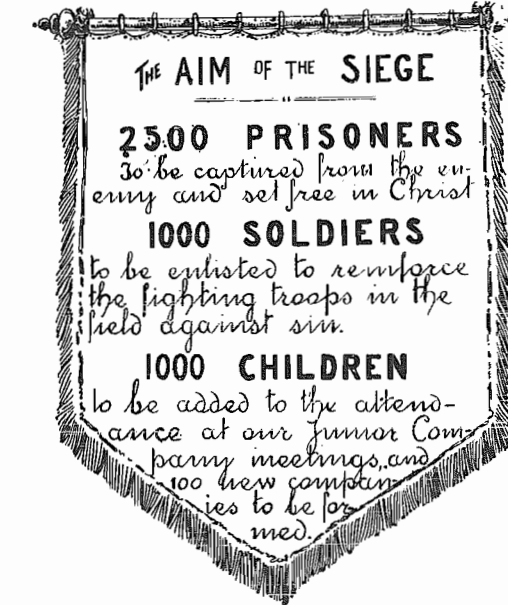
But what made the sin so much the greater was the deceit with which Achan sought to cover the wrong.

A lie is a heavy weight to add to the burden of a sin against God.

The severity of the penalty which was executed was at once a declaration of God's hatred of the sin, and a warning to those who had witnessed it.



CAPT. SOUR: "Hm! Siege again! What ever can I do in this dead-end-alive place to get a move on? I have only a handful of soldiers to rely on." A voice: "Use what you have."



name is Theophilus Ebenezer White."

And so, to make a long story short, the minister complained to me about it, and I suggested that he should take over the little village mission work, and superintend it himself. I would help him, so would White. But this, he said, he could not promise me. His wife, who was present in the vestry at the time, said we were never authorized to commence it, and had better stop it altogether, for no good ever came of such irregular and spasmodic efforts.

But it hurt me to hear her speak like this of what the Lord had so richly blessed already. If God was pleased, why should she be displeased?

"You know, my brother," she continued, smiling the meanwhile, "sometimes you will be doing a work that you think is God's, and it will be the devil's."

"Yes," I thought to myself, "this is quite possible," but I did not give expression to my thoughts.

However, as a matter of fact, whether wisely or unwisely, I afterwards put my offer in writing, and in writing received a refusal on the part of the minister and the church to adopt my spiritual offering.

"Bro. White," said I to him one day. "He came to His own, and His own received Him not. It does not seem as if our own care very much about receiving us, when we come to this vil-

lage mission, and would afterwards return to them. I remember that I gave him a book of Moody's sermons, and showed him one that he might read to the people. Will Fern, and two of the other converts I have mentioned, went with him, although I was not aware of this fact until afterwards.

"The church was well attended, for the minister was expected to comment upon the tract that had been pasted on the church door, and sent to all our leading members."

"Will he deal with the subject now, as God would have him?" I said to myself.

But the first sentence of his carefully-prepared manuscript sermon answered me.

"Another attempt has been made," he said, "to disturb the religious equilibrium of this church, and to enslave a spirit of fanaticism among us."

And he went on in this strain, much to my sorrow, but to the evident satisfaction of some of the biggest and most fashionable saints and sinners in the congregation. They slightly nodded and smiled to each other, even before he was done, and then there was a general congratulation all round. Several remained behind to shake hands with the hero of the hour, and—shall I record it? Yes, I will—none were less satisfied than himself.

"What a beautiful sermon," said Mrs. Proud-look.

## FROM THE FIGHTERS AT THE FRONT

## Corps Correspondents' Confidential Chat

Giving a thoughtful glance to the pile of papers of all shapes and shades, inscribed by hand-writing varying from undeniable cursive to the style for which the most merciful term is hieroglyphics, which pile represents the week's corps reports received at the Editorial Office, we would unhesitatingly declare their greatest need to be definiteness.

In this chat we always try to avoid being painfully personal, nor do we need to single out one instance of indefiniteness—there are many more than one.

It is not sufficient to say "Souls are getting saved." It is not clear to say "Our efforts are being blessed." It is not enough to say, "The old chariot is rolling along," or "Satan's hosts are driven back." It is always best to use some detail in describing a movement, at least when necessary to give the reader, who was not there, some idea of what actually happened.

For those who know their fault to lie on these lines, we would recommend as a good motto, one previously hinted at in these notes, "Never leave anything to the imagination of the reader; if you do he will probably imagine wrong."

## Will They Increase Their Order?

**BEAR RIVER.**—Nine precious souls have found peace beneath our Standard. Ex-Capt. Calkin, one of our old-time officers, with us over Sunday. Much blessing derived from his visit. Everything moves on grandly. War Crys all sold out Saturday, not one for Sunday. We love the Cry here. House filled in every meeting by interested people. Finances good.—Sec. Morine.

**BUTTE, MONT.**—Week-end meetings good. Crowds and interest grand. Sunday, beautiful manifestation of the spirit and power of God. Soldiers on fire for souls, and fought like heroes to the very last. Three precious souls cried for mercy.—Cor.

## An S. A. Survey of the World.

**CALGARY.**—We have been favored with a visit from our P. O. Major Southall, on Saturday night he commissioned Local officers. On Sunday we had a good day. In the morning meeting the Major took for his subject, "Qualifications for service." One came forward for purity and power. On Tuesday night the Major gave us a few facts of what the Army is accomplishing in its different branches around the wide world. During the past week we can report two souls in the Fountain.—Chas. C. Bishop, J. S. S.-M.

**DEVIL'S LAKE, N. D.**—Last week two precious souls were wrested from the grasp of Satan, and are beautifully saved. Ensign Perry's lantern service, proved a time of blessing and profit.—Herringshaw and Wife.

**DRESDEN.**—Ensign Holdmuth with us Friday, Saturday and Sunday. His lantern service Saturday night was the best financial success of any former visit of the G. B. M. Agent to this place; over \$10 for the night. We were glad to have the Ensign with us, with his lantern and salvation. —Ensign A. D. Slate.

## The Bishop and Staff Visit.

**GLACE BAY.**—We have just had the pleasure of a week-end visit from our Provincial Officer and Chancellor, Major Pickering and Staff-Capt. Rawling. On Saturday night Major enrolled six soldiers under the flag of our Army Sunday afternoon Friday, an infant child of Capt. and Mrs. Thompson, was dedicated to God and the S. A. It requires a man like Major Pickering to do a job of this kind. The soldiers' meeting which followed the free-association was a never-to-be-forgotten one. If Major is good at a dedication service, what shall we say of him in a soldiers' meeting? Three soldiers volunteered for the blessing. The meeting at night was a Holy Ghost thing. The never-to-be-forgotten one in the hard-fought prayer meeting. One young woman gave herself to God at the penitent form. Income for the

week-end, over \$25. We are delighted at the prospect of frequent visits from Staff-Captain Rawling, who is now our D. O.—Sergt. Major.

**GRAPTON.**—Since my last report I have fared well from our beautiful State capital, Bismarck, and am found fighting the good fight of faith here, with Capt. Glover. The work is progressing, souls are getting saved, believers sanctified, and our crowds are good.—Lieut. Blind.

**HALIFAX, I.**—On Thursday night, banquet and jubilee which passed off very pleasantly, and, considering the weather, was quite a success. A few souls are seeking and finding the Saviour.—Treas. Cashlin.

**HAMILTON, I.**—On Sunday, from 7 a. m. till 11 p. m., a great battle was waged. We closed with four souls in the fountain.—A. Parker, Lieut.

**JACKSON'S COVE.**—One month has passed since coming here, and it has been a month of victory. Six souls for salvation, nine for sanctification, two re-

ceived a spicy program. Major McMillan prayed, "Let the music we hear tonight be sanctified, that Thy Kingdom may be advanced thereby." Brigadier Gaskin was chairman, filling the position admirably. Every selection given, vocal or otherwise, was extremely enjoyed.—B. P.

**LISBON, N. D.**—Lisbon is not beheld this week. Wednesday one soul sought and found salvation. Adjt. Barr with us for the week-end. Good meetings, deep conviction.—A. Lloyd, Cant.

**MISSOULA.**—Good meetings all day Sunday. At the close one precious soul out for peace and pardon.—J. H. Hurst, R. C.

**MONTREAL, I.**—Sunday was very stormy, but we had a blessed time. At night Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Taylor led the meeting. God spoke to some souls, but none would yield. Monday night a sister returned to God. Tuesday night the Staff-Captain led the soldiers' meeting and one soul sought full salvation.—C. R. G. W.



THE IBBOTSON MUSICAL FAMILY,  
Who Earned Much Praise by Their Excellent Playing at the Commissioner's Meeting in the Massey Hall.

ruits, and about twenty adherents to be added next census meeting. Soldiers of Harry's Harbor (custody) going in for a quarters, have had one dedication. Junior work on the upgrade. Started day school. Soldiers getting on fire. Believing for lots of souls.—Lt. Pugh, C. O.

## Found a Nest of War Crys?

**KALISPELL, MONT.**—Bro. Forrey, from Spokane, spent a number of evenings with us. His visit proved a blessing to us all. Many are quite interested in the plan of salvation, and after closing the meetings manifest no desire to leave their seats. Many are under conviction, often return, and listen attentively to conversation concerning the Kingdom of God. Many are under conviction. But do not yield, and a great war is waging. Last week a visit to Columbia Falls, where we distributed 300 War Crys. Finding a nest, in the quarters, of 300 War Crys, we started distributing them in jail, library, hospital, and the Falls. In latter place many rejoiced in having our paper, especially in one house, where an aged man, who had lain ill for many weeks, was nearing the grave, reading a scrap of newspaper. Gladly we gave him two copies, and eagerly he grasped them, and immediately began reading.—Lieut. Betts, for Capt. Ferrenoid.

**LIPPINCOTT.**—Lovers of music and song could not have visited any better place than Lippincott St. on Thursday night, when the bands of Lisgar and Lippincott corps rendered

**OAKES, N. D.**—Had a visit from our D. O., Adjt. Barr, last week. The crowds were good. On Friday night the Adjutant dedicated Bro. and Sister Daguer's lady to the Lord.—Capt. F. H. Brown.

## Cake, Coffee, and Salvation.

**OTTAWA.**—Adjt. Hendricks has returned from a successful tour of the District, bringing a good report of the work in the different places. On Monday evening soldiers gathered at the barracks and marched to the officers' quarters, taking the officers by surprise, a very sociable evening being spent together, in which cake and coffee disappeared. Ensign Pugh gave us, in two meetings, a very interesting life account of himself, in which the audience were deeply interested. Adjt. Wiseman warmly welcomed to Ottawa on Saturday. The Adjutant led the meetings on Saturday and Sunday, being assisted by Ensign Pugh on Sunday. It was a grand day of blessing to our souls, and more so to the two precious souls who found the Saviour at the close of the day, making four souls since last report.—Sergt. French, Cor.

**PELLEY'S ISLAND.**—Last Sunday eight souls for salvation, which makes thirteen since last report, and also twenty for a clean heart. Capt. Jim Jones.

**PRESCOTT.**—Two souls have sought and found salvation. Hallelujah! We had a visit from our T. F. S., Ensign Parker, with his up-to-date lantern. The light now carried by our T. F. S.

is the best I have ever seen in the Salvation Army. We are having good attendance at our meetings.—It. B. Grose, Capt.

**RAT PORTAGE.**—The past week has been one of glorious victory. Five souls sought and found Jesus. Cadets Galt and Bristol conducted a meeting on Sunday at the Sault Ste. Marie. The people there seemed to appreciate our meeting, and we are looking for some grand results to come from them. We are also having meetings on Sunday nights at Harman. Thursday night we had an enrolment of soldiers and commissioning of Local Officers. Eight recruits were enrolled and fourteen locals commissioned.—Capt. C. J. Scott, for Ensign Hubrick.

**SOMERSET, BER.**—Saturday night we welcomed to our midst Capt. Goodwin and Capt. Cowan, after nearly three months without officers. Sunday we had a glorious time, the power of God was felt from dawn till dusk throughout the day. We closed about ten o'clock at night, rejoicing, with two souls crying to God for mercy.—C. E. Harrison, Sergt.

**ST. JOHN'S, I.**—Nine souls for the week. The enemy surrounded. Believing to capture many more.—Henry Blount.

**STRATHROY.**—Good meetings all day yesterday. Good crowds, which made an increase in the financial. Capt. Pyun, from Watford, assisted with the meetings. There was deep conviction in the meeting at night. Last Sunday week we had a dedication service, when Bro. and Sister John gave their little boy, Charles Alister, to God and the Army.—Mrs. Capt. Freeman.

## The Rescue Work in Three Acts.

**ST. STEPHEN, N. R.**—We had a visit from our D. O., Adjt. McGilvray. He gave us two very special meetings—Wednesday night a musical meeting, and Thursday night the rescue work represented in three scenes, also a half-night of prayer, when God came very near and blessed us. Several comrades renewed their consecration to God and His service. Then we have had two souls at the Cross.—J. R. B. Wilson.

**SYDNEY.**—The Major and Staff have come and gone, but without results, as a young man of twenty years, and a gentleman of sixty, came back the next night and told what God had done for them. Our two comrades came out with another young woman. Capt. Mery.

**VICTORIA, B. C.**—Staff-Capt. Galt, Adjt. Dodd, and Cadet Whittom have taken a tour around the District. Capt. Ledrew in charge. Sunday, meetings beautiful. Full band at the jubilee meeting at 9:30 Sunday morning.—M. L.

**WINNIPEG.**—Beautiful time at kneecall Sunday morning. Very good meetings all day. We closed with four souls in the Fountain. One brother, who was deeply convicted on Sunday night, came to Christ on Tuesday night. Friday night we had a soldiers' tea, which was very much enjoyed by all present, also a very good soldiers' meeting afterwards, led by Major and Mrs. Southall. Cadet B. Moller, for Adjt. Kerr.

## Bombardment at Close Quarters.

**WOODSTOCK, N. B.**—A few months ago I was working in sunny Bermuda, and now I find myself in the midst of a "cold" Canadian winter, the same work. The climate seems to make no difference—there are the same sins, the same class of people to deal with, and they offer the same excuses when asked to surrender to God. We are looking for a skating rink.—Bro. W. Welch, Capt. Winnie Jones, Lieut.

**YORKVILLE.**—Saints are being rescued, backs are aching, tongues are being seeking God. Sunday night was a crowning thing, when, after a hard fight, four souls came forward and found salvation. One young man, who had been attending Army meetings for years, came from the east and walked boldly to the front. We are believing he will be a blessing to his unswerving companions, who asked the Captain to pray for them.—A. R.

# "The Scarlet Thread."

Continued from page 9.)

Elysees—a Parisian cafe, or, as when I was in France I called such a damn-trap. The glitter of feverish excitement in his eye answered the sparkle in his re-filled wine-cup.

In the strong heart that lay behind the strong face there lingered restless memories of a prying childhood, and late altar-vows, as well as sincere respect for all that was good and noble, but such disquieting reminders were drowned in the evil influences which flung their gauze-like fascinations around him, entangling his feet in his first step to ruin. That first step—how easily and quickly taken, how bitter and hard to retrace! The descent is a gradual incline, giving no warning of the rapids of destruction ahead. The blaze of light is luminous, hiding the on-creeping shadow. The laughter is gay, drowning the discordant and wailing echo. It seems as though the most tawdry and fleeting of earth's toys outweigh the realities of righteousness and heaven.

*An echo cry from the sky:  
"With you we, pre-are to die!"*

floated through the cafe as a song escaping from some left-open gate of Paradise.

"What are they?" was asked.

"Who a place for good, pure women to visit," thought Jack, and said aloud, "Why, my wife's religion won't let her come here."

"Your wife?" repeated the pretty face of the lost soul facing him. "You don't mean to say you have a wife?" and then a burst of laughter, with a horror in it, one would only expect to hear when demons gloat over the damned.

With a look of great discomfiture, and somewhat irritated, Horace demanded, "Well, who are they, anyway?"

The question was overheard by one of the singers. She turned with that light of countenance which spotless purity of soul alone can lend to the face, and said:

"Representatives of the Cross of Christ, heralding salvation for all men, and warning them of the judgment to come."

"And what is judgment to come?" asked Bob flippantly.

"It is the harvest of what a man sows. It is the revelation of all that is real, and the vanishing of all that is false. It is the triumph of truth over lies, the conquest of love over hate. It is the balance in which your soul must be cast, and in which all the deeds of your life will be weighed."

Good-naturedly, but sneeringly, Jim said, "Well, don't bring your judgment here. I've not settled the question as to whether there is one yet."

"Your doubt has not power to mock the existence of the fact; neither will your delay persuade the swift feet of retribution to tarry one day, or ushering you on to this great hour. At this very moment your deeds are burnishing a crown of glory for your brow, or forging bolts for your imprisonment. Your ways, and words, and thoughts are compiling the chorus for your entrance into glory, or giving the key-note for the dead march of eternal woe to which you will tramp down to perdition. Now you may struggle and drink, and dance, and philosophize to throw out God and trample on goodness, but in judgment, God, answering the cry for revenge of all this wickedness, will throw you out. Now the subtle ties of worldly selfishness bind you, its evil influences buoy up your spirit to fight against Him Who made you, and hush the conscience which falu would call to you from the days of higher hopes and purer things; but in judgment, you will stand a naked soul, and all gone, your friends all gone, your chances—priceless and choice, which may have come to you from a mother's

prayers, all gone—nothing remains but the naked soul and its recommendation of righteousness, or its condemnation of guilt, when God, before earth and heaven, men and devils, while the earth groans in earthquake, and all time is lost in the burst of eternity, declares the reward of the virtuous and the damnation of the wicked. This is judgment—how will YOU meet it?"

## II.

"MY GAME?" For the third time that evening the candid voice rang out these words, and an eager hand scooped the coins strewn upon the gaming table into his palm, and pocketed them.

Jack, the discomfited opponent, felt uneasily in his own pockets—they were empty.

"I've had enough of this," he said: "time I was going. You've got all you can out of me right like my usual luck, and your cursed good fortune."

"Not at all—not at all," spoke the bland card-sharper: "I'll be your luck next, old fellow, and I'll be to mark out the change for you, your glass, mate, and shuffle the cards again."

The obstacle of Jim's empty pockets was soon overcome by the recollection of the small banking account in his wife's name, which represented her girlhood's savings. She would never see him in a fix, and although the tiny fortune had often been referred to as a future provision, in case of any emergency, for the children, she would not rise and make him any open disgrace. All the same he played, reckoning on winning back what he had lost, not trading upon the love and generosity of her whose gentle pleading tones persuading him against these places have never been silenced, and now they run as lava in his soul—he almost wishes he were dead, for he feels already he is nearly damned. But the fascinations of the place and the comfort of the past hold him as if he had been broken loose a couple of years back it would have been easier—now his enemies have dug a trench round and about him, and there is no way out. There are the sins of day, the making promise of further and deeper sins of night—how can one escape keeping these promises? There are the wrongs which must be committed to pay the debt of lesser wrongs—these deficits must be met, no matter what the cost. There are the lies that must be told to cover the open disgrace of other deceptions—these hideous ingenuities must be hid, though all truth is distorted to hide them. Sin is the wages of sin, and every one rushes on another until the soul, carried on the black tide, is thrown against the Rock of Perdition, a stranded, hopeless wreck.

The plaintive tremble of a child's voice broke up the gloomy musings which had been passing through Jack's brain while he threw down the cards. A sad-eyed, ill-clad girl of sixteen had laid her hand upon his companion's sleeve.

"I'm not saying," "come home with me, come; don't do any more of this dreadful gambling to-night; come, father."

But, with an oath, the man shook off the beseeching fingers and pushing the girl, he went rattling out of the room, banged the door.

"That's what comes of your children getting mixed up with those blooming Army folks. Here's my girl's ears so tickled with the preaching of the Captain that she thinks she can spring the same game on me, but she's mistaken: I'm one too many for her and her Salvation friends—damned lot, they are, all of them."

"I'm not so sure of that," said Jack. "I'm one of them once who was as a flash of light from another world. If I'd listened to her I should not have been here, and my wife would be a happier woman. Ah! but that's a story of my boyhood days on the continent; there's no use in telling it now. It's a long way back; too late to remedy it—here's to forgetting it," and lifting his glass to his lips he set it drained, upon the gaming table, with a gasp that smothered the fragile truth.

"There, that's how our brightest hopes, fairest intentions, and strongest promises can, by our own hand, be shattered," and with an unsteady laugh he flung out of the room, almost stumbling over the slender figure, which, despite her summary ejection, lingered on the door-step.

(To be continued.)

## THE W. O. P. CHANCELLOR REPLIES

Staff-Captain Phillips' Answer to the Stage Call.

The Field Commissioner's stirring call to the front, in the Siege of 1900, should appeal to the true instincts of every loyal Salvationist's heart, whose business it is, like their Master's, to seek and to save the lost. The West Ontario troops will be found in the vanguard in the coming conflict.—George L. Phillips, Chancellor.

## WOMEN'S SOCIAL INSTITUTIONS HAVE NEW NAMES.

By MRS. READ, Women's Social Secretary.

In the future the sixteen institutions of the Women's Social Department of the Territory will be known by pretty appellations peculiarly suited to the local environments of each one. The local environments has decided upon the following names:

The New Home for Children in Toronto will be designated the "Evangeline Home," in honor of the Commissioner, during whose command it was opened.

Vanconver's New Home will be known by the suggestive title of "Mercy Hall." We trust it may be the door of mercy and hope to hundreds of poor wandering ones.

The names and addresses of the already-established Homes will be:

St. John Maternity Hospital, "Grace Hospital," 274 King St. E.

St. John Rescue Home, "The Home-stand," 65 Elliott Row.

Ottawa Rescue Home, "Redemption Home," 766 Wellington St.

London Rescue Home, "Fort Hope," Riverview Ave.

Hamilton Rescue Home, "Hope Hall," 605 Main St.

Halifax Rescue Home, "The Bridge," 49 Hollis St.

St. Johns, Nfld., Rescue Home, "The Anchorage," 25 Cook St.

Winnipeg Rescue Home, "Fort Rescue," 480 Yonge St.

Montreal Rescue Home, "Liberty Hall," 243 St. Antoine St.

Montreal Women's Shelter, "Boulevard Home," 11 St. Monique St.

Spokane Rescue Home, "Liberty Home," 733 Fourth St.

Butte Rescue Home, "Montana State Home," 726 South Main St.

Toronto Industrial Rescue Home, 610 Yonge St.

Toronto Working Women's Home, 71 Agnes St.

## FROM THE FRONT.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS FROM VARIOUS COMRADES IN ACTIVE SERVICE IN SOUTH AFRICA.

From "All that Remains."

Modder River.

December 13th, 1900.

It is with a sorrowful heart I write these few lines, to let you know how we are getting on—I mean all that remains of us, for poor Bob Drysdale and MacLean are killed. Armit is missing. Kinghorn and I are well—that is all that remains of your Leaguers in the Black Watch. Bob passed away singing hymns to the last. Every man in the regiment is talking about him. One man went to give him a drink, but he refused, saying:

"Give it to another lad: I have got the Water of Life." Then he passed away, singing praises to God. Drysdale's death was sudden, and very quiet. The man that lay next to him never knew, until he looked up and saw he was dead. Kinghorn and I are thankful to God for all He has done for us. That is all the Leaguers

that I know at present. Henderson, H. L., had a slight sunstroke.—S. Scott.

## Led into a Trap

I have been in hospital with a slight sunstroke, got through being about twelve hours in the fighting line at the big battle of Magersfontein. The very thought of what I saw and what I have come through has almost unbearably on me. But, praise the dear Lord! He has been more than I need. Oh, to think that so many have passed into eternity unprepared! God help us to show by our lives, and even by our deaths, that we are Christians of Christ has something in it that is lasting.

We were led into a trap by some blunder or other. We were unprepared for the enemy, and the result at the beginning of the light was we lost terribly! Our brigade had over a thousand casualties; among them we have lost four Leaguers of the Black Watch. They are Wilson, MacLean, Drysdale, and Armit. Praise God! I have wine to drink, and the weather, which is far better. McGurk is all right, and I am getting on fine.—Lte. Henderson.

## Good Meetings and Hard Soldering.

I am enjoying good health so far, and, please to realize that my life was many have been wasted away in His precious Blood. The first time I went to the Army here I was asked to say a few words, and although we had meetings at sea, I don't think I saw many soldiers at meeting as were there. I should think there were nearly a hundred.

We have been over the bills, and we are all tired, and find it hard work, different to hard soldering in England; but, praise the Lord, He is always with us, putting His loving arms around us, and to cheer us up with those loving words, "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—Sergt. Williams and Pte. Byfield.

## From the Western Force.

I am writing this letter to you while out at South Africa on active service. No doubt, dear comrades, you will be glad to hear how we, as Leaguers of the Salvation Army, are going on in the western force of the fighting line. We are having good meetings here, and God is blessing us very much, and not only blessing us, but He is saving some of our comrades. I pray that this may continue. I am also very glad to tell you that I am having very good times in my regiment, where I am the only Salvationist; but God is with me to help me, and I can testify to the saving and keeping power of God by His word, on the battlefield when the bullets are showering down like hailstones.

I shall never forget the day when we were in the fight. The sights that we saw! When I see the dead and wounded being carried to the rear of the fighting-line, and going unprepared to meet their God, I pray God to make me useful in His service, and help me to win them for Him. Reader, are you ready? If the death-angel should call, would he find you with your garments made white in the Blood of the Lamb? If not, I pray that you "seek God while He may be found."—Corpl. F. Innes, 12th Lancers.

## Making Things Sunshiny.

Have you ever had your day suddenly turn sunshiny because of a comrade's word? Have you ever noticed that this could be the same world, because someone had been unexpectedly kind to you? Do you remember, as a child, how excited you were because someone gave you a little present, and how you thought of a whole line of admiration and affection—selfish, perhaps, but real—for that generous friend? You can do the same to-day for somebody. It is only a question of a little thought, a little time, and trouble. Think before you finish this paragraph, "What can I do to-day to make someone happy?" Think now! Old persons, children, servants—even a bone for the dog or sugar for the bird! Why not?

"See doeth little kindnesses, For which leave undone or despise. For which thought a one heart at ease. Or give happiness to a piece. Is low esteemed in her eyes."





More changes. This time in the N.-W. P. Ensign Perry will, in future, be responsible for the whole Province and the G. B. M. This leaves Ensign Ottaway's hands free for special work. The G. B. M. will need to keep everyone moving to keep up to last quarter's record.

Ensign Parker, of East Ontario, sends some cheering news. He says, "The G. B. M. promises fine this quarter. I am getting out a good many new boxes and securing a few new Agents. I think things are decidedly on the advance."

"The Lighthouse, Montreal, is taking a district in the city now, and have just had their first lot of large boxes sent them; they will doubtless do a good thing. Of course, the more they get over their target the more they will receive for their benefit."

Ensign Stingers says we may look for a good increase in box money from the Pacific this quarter. When passing through Nelson he put out six large boxes; when returning, ten days later, the boxes contained \$7, that is over a dollar each. A good right on, Nelson, at that rate, and you will surely break the record.

Ensign Hoddinott, of the W. O. P., is also full of faith for the work in his Territory this quarter, and is sending good returns. He informs us that one of his Agents, Mrs. Newham, of Glenwood, has placed a box in the school room. Why not have one in every school room in the country?

Ensign Burrows has had a good time at Midland and reports two contributions and one of a clean heart in his meeting there. He has just sent an order for sixty large and about one hundred small boxes, so he evidently hopes to get somewhere this quarter. Everybody keep going on with all your might, and let us make this present quarter the best we have ever had.—T. H. C.

## The Travelings of a G. B. M. Man.

TO WIT: ENSIGN BURROWS.

BRAMPTON.—We have no G. B. M. Agent in this corps, so the officers collected in the box money, which amounted to \$1.20. Better things are expected for the future.

ORANGEVILLE.—Capt. McDonald met me at the station in Oranville, and soon impressed me with his worthiness, owing to going out duties for the service at night, but the very cold weather influenced many to stay home. Miss Huskinson, the Agent, will certainly bring it to a better position this next quarter.

LADY BANK is one of the corps in the Faversham Circle, where the visit or feels at once that the Salvation Army soldiers are all alive for the Kingdom of God. Capt. Capper was successful in getting a good crowd for the special meeting, at the close of which two souls sought the blessing of holiness. Mrs. Pool, our G. B. M. Agent of this place had to resign her position, owing to her duties that demanded her attention, and Sister F. Crawford was appointed in her stead. Sister Robinson, of Faversham, collected \$1.31, which makes a total of \$2.75 for the Circle. The T. P. S. is believing for \$5 for the next quarter. Let all the Agents say "Amen!"

CHESLEY.—I conducted two meetings in C., where we felt the Spirit of God present, though the crowd was not very large. The Captains agree with me, that there is nothing like the ticket system. Miss Campbell, the G. B. M. Agent, is doing well with her boxes. \$1 was the amount in the same. She reports a few new box-holders, and is full of faith for the next quarter.

OWEN SOUND.—I spent Saturday and Sunday in Owen Sound. The crowds were good, spiritual life high, finances splendid, our labors crowned

with five souls for pardon. Praise God! Bro. Glover, the C. O. P. G. B. M. Champion, has returned from the U. S. A., and is taking up his work again with a will. God bless him. I wonder how long Bro. Glover will be able to hold his position. Lindsay and Orilla are looking well this quarter. MEAFOLD.—Good crowd at lantern service. Over sixty tickets sold before the night for same. In the two meetings five souls sought for holiness. To God be all the glory! Miss E. Tomlinson, an Auxiliary of the S. A., is the G. B. M. Agent, and is doing well with her boxes. Her returns are not in line for this quarter, but, by all accounts, she will go ahead of the last collection.

ROCKLYN is a country district about 14 miles from Menford, where I conducted a magic lantern service in the Presbyterian Church of that locality, assisted by Capt. Bowers and Lieut. Stickells, of Menford. The minister and his wife, the Rev. Mr. and Mrs. McLane, kindly provided for our temporary needs, and made us at home in the service. Every kindness was manifested and a pressing invitation given for us to return to the district for special meetings at an early date, while the congregation voted the entire income for the night to the S. A. work. May God bless them, Mr. and Mrs. McLane and their family, also their warm-hearted members. The G. B. M. work out here is quite new, and is in charge of Master Ward, a brother of Adjt. Ward. He is much interested in his work, and no doubt will have much success.

COLLINGWOOD.—Captain Cornish was all alone, but in the best of spirits. The cold weather seemed to overpower and drive out much of the warmth that came from the stove in the barracks, and, as a result, prevented a number of people from attending the Saturday's services; but not so on Sunday, for the building was quite warm. Two souls, thank God, claimed the blessing of full salvation. We give all glory to God, and take the early train for Toronto.—W. H. Burrows, T. F. S.

## BRITISH LOSSES.

From authentic statistics issued by the War Office, it appears that the total number of British soldiers killed in battle to date, cannot be more than 1,200. This is a small number for two months of fighting over so wide an area. In the single battle of Waterloo the French had over 30,000 killed and wounded, and the allies about 23,000. At the battle of Sadowa the Persians lost in dead, wounded, and missing 320 officers and 8,704 men, while the Austrians lost 1,147 and 30,246 respectively. The British wounded and missing in the South African war so far cannot be more than 4,000 and 4,000 respectively.—The Westminster.

In English-speaking lands 100,000 drunkards go to an untimely and dishonored grave every year. Yet it creates little excitement, and is counted as one of this dreadful tragedy—which has sent during the century millions of souls to a shameful doom. If the liberty of South Africa, and the welfare of both the white and black races for all time can be secured, even by the costly sacrifice of so many precious lives—who shall say that it is not worth the cost? By a like sacrifice have the civil and religious liberties we enjoy to-day been won.

## COTTAGE PRAYER MEETINGS.

How to start a cottage prayer meeting? The way we used to do in Chicago was this: We would go round from house to house until we found a woman who was willing to have a meeting in her house—it might be an unconvinced woman. It takes a good deal of tact and courage for any woman to have a meeting in her house, where all the people in the street know her, but if you get her consent, ask the neighbors to come in—a great many people who never go to a church will go to a cottage prayer meeting. Some of the best hours I have spent in my life were in the cottage prayer meetings. If I have had any success, that is where I learned to preach. Get twenty or thirty months together

with their children and babies in arms. Read a portion of Scripture, get the children to sing; it will always interest a mother to hear her child sing, even if it doesn't sing as well as Mr. Sunkey. Talk comforting words to the mothers. I tell you what, I'd rather, a thousand times, talk to these mothers than to Gospel-hardened sinners. When a young mother is just beginning to feel her responsibility, it isn't very difficult to reach her heart.—D. L. Moody.

## How Sergeant Pike Became a Salvationist.

Some years ago the subject of my sketch was living in a small village in Maine, and was a member of a certain organization, striving, as far as she was able, to please God.

About this time a daughter of her's, in the United States, knowing her mother's love for good literature, started to send her regularly a copy of the War Cry, which was used as a means, in the Lord's hands, of leading her into the experience of entire sanctification. After receiving the blessing she continually testified to it, and, as a result, received much opposition from the members of the church, who scorned the idea of a person being sanctified, and told her plainly they didn't want her testimony on that line.



SERGEANT PIKE\*

Nothing daunted, she told them she had received the blessing and meant to give God the glory by confessing it, and if they would not receive her testimony she would serve them a trick the devil never served them—she would leave them, and go somewhere where they would receive it.

She then began to ask the Lord to open up the way for her to get to where the Salvation Army was, if He wanted her there. Not long after the Lord answered her prayer, though it meant considerable sacrifice. She threw in her lot with the people she thought were God's people, and whose God was her God, donned the uniform and became an out-and-out Salvationist. After a number of years, which have borne on their wings joys and sorrows, storms and sunshines, she is still found at her post of duty. Though well advanced in years, it is a rare occurrence for her to miss a meeting, and is always in uniform. Within the last few months she has become a War Cry boomer.

The writer, whom War Cry readers will remember as Corps Correspondent for Hamilton corps, received a letter a few days ago from Sergeant Pike, an extract of which I here quote: "I am well and all right in my soul. I can do many things I could not a few months ago, many thanks to Capt. W. Thompson, for he helped me to be brave and to work for the Lord and not be afraid. Ensign Andrews has appointed me G. B. M. Agent for Hamilton. Already I have received places for many more, and am going to take some more soon."

May this simple story prove a stimulus to those who are not putting forth as much practical effort as they ought to.—Emily White.

A great many Christians are dead wires because some one small part of the life is switched off from God.



## From Oshawa to a Mansion in the Sky

We have lost another of our dear comrades of the Oshawa corps, Bro. W. Davis, aged seventy-nine years.

He has been in poor health for some time, and although his death was not unexpected, yet the end came suddenly. He had been a great sinner in his life, but, thank God, he found a wonderful Saviour.

On Friday, Feb. 9th, quite a number of his soldier-comrades and a large number of friends gathered at his home for the funeral service, which was conducted by Capt. McCann. A few words of testimony were given by Bros. Evelyn and Pollard. "Shall we gather at the river?" was sung very touchingly by Lieut. Pattenden. A few verses from God's word, and some suitable remarks about our comrade's life and death by the Captain, and then we proceeded to the Union Cemetery, where, owing to the coldness of the day, we only had time to sing one song and hear the solemn funeral service read.

Sunday evening the Captain led a memorial service, when the barracks were well filled, and we trust that all were made to feel once more the uncertainty of life and the surety of death.

"We pray that God will sustain the aged wife who is left, also the children.—J. M. M.

—♦—

## An Army Friend Called Home.

Mrs. Dr. Edlet was called home a few days ago, after a long and trying illness, which she bore with Christian patience and fortitude. For years Mrs. Edlet's hospitable home was open to Salvation Army officers, who were always sure of a hearty welcome. Mrs. Edlet died in Bowmanville. A few days previous to her decease she expressed a great desire to see Lieut. Colonel Mrs. Read, and Mrs. Read accordingly went down to Bowmanville to see the sufferer. She was very ill, but expressed her confidence in God, and gave Mrs. Read a bright testimony as to her hopes for future joy. She had no fear. Dr. Edlet was with her when she crossed the river. He and his bereaved children have the sympathy of all who know him in his great loss.

—♦—

## A Faithful Soldier Promoted.

OWEN SOUND.—Our brother, John Baker has been promoted from his place in the Owen Sound ranks to glory. He has been ill for nearly a year, but we always found him with a smile, and his testimony was, he was "out with the Master." The testimony of his comrades is, "He was never known to waver." His life was an example to all. He has gone to his reward.—J. H.

## MAJOR TURNER

Will Visit and Conduct Special Meetings at the following places:—

Yorkville, Friday, Feb. 23, to Sunday, March 4.

Owen Sound, Sat. and Sun., March 10, 11.

Chesley, Mon. and Tues., March 12, 13.

Faversham, Wed., Thurs. and Fri., March 14, 15, 16.

Oranville, Sat. and Sun., March 17, 18.

Bowmanville, Sat., Sun. and Mon., March 23, 24, 25.

Oshawa, Tuesday, March 27.

Brooklin, Wednesday, March 28.

Hamilton I., Friday, April 6.

Hamilton I., Sat., Sun. and Mon., April 7, 8, 9.

Barrie, Friday to Monday, April 13 to 16.

Orlino, Thursday, April 17.



## PACIFIC PROVINCE.

47 Hustlers.

Sergt. E. Glenn, Butte	185
Lieut. Morris, Billings	116
Sister Ada Lewis, Victoria	114
Lieut. Long, Rossland	109
Ensign Cummings, Great Falls	95
Capt. Krell, Nainaiho	95
Mrs. Adjt. Ayre, Westchester	80
Capt. Bennumont, Kamloops	80
Capt. LeDrew, Victoria	75
Capt. Scott, Helena	68
Lieut. Betts, Kallispell	65
Mrs. Adjt. Hay, Billings	65
Lieut. Gahn, Revelstoke	64
Bro. Whipple, Vancouver	62
Sister M. Nelson, Butte	51
Mrs. Capt. Jackson, Livingston	50
Capt. Duthie, Nelson	50
Capt. Mrs. Hooker, Spokane	50
Bro. Moody, Vancouver	50
Bro. Christner, Vancouver	50
Adjt. Babington, Spokane	45
Ensign Lester, Nelson	42
Lieut. Morris, Billings	41
Capt. Miller, Vancouver	40
Mrs. Capt. Brown, Bozeman	40
Gertie Watford, Livingston	40
Capt. Gooding, Rossland	40
Capt. Sheard, Lewiston	39
Sister Nellie Porter, Victoria	38
Sister Mrs. Noble, Revelstoke	38
Sister E. Shinn, Livingston	38
Lieut. Floyd, Dillon	35
Capt. Ferguson, Kallispell	35
Bro. Balles, Vancouver	35
Sister Kirby, Vancouver	35
Sergt. Hengerson, Rossland	30
Adjt. Stevens, Helena	30
Sister Mrs. Needitt, Helena	26
Bro. Britt, Rossland	25
Sister A. Mortimer, Victoria	25
Capt. Jackson, Livingston	24
Sister Monteth, Dillon	20
Sister Anderson, Helena	20
Bro. Denny, Spokane	20
Bro. Tibbury, Vancouver	20
Bro. McKen, Rossland	20

## NEWFOUNDLAND PROVINCE.

16 Hustlers.

Sergt.-Major Newman, Twillingate	100
Cadet Sainsbury, St. Johns I.	50
Cadet Tiller, St. Johns I.	45
Cadet Cummings, St. Johns I.	40
Cadet Browne, St. Johns I.	35
Cadet May, St. Johns I.	30
Cadet Bailey, Harbor Grace	27
Bessie Hisecock, St. Johns I.	25
Cadet M. Shute, St. Johns I.	25
Sergt. T. Wheeler, Twillingate	25
Lieut. Way, Twillingate	25
Cand. Wiltshire, Heart's Delight	22
Mrs. Cook, St. Johns I.	20
May Rose, St. Johns I.	20
Cadet Olford, St. Johns I.	20
Cadet Fisher, Harbor Grace	20

## KLONDIKE EXPEDITION.

2 Hustlers.

Mrs. Adjt. McGill, Skagway	120
Adjt. McGill, Skagway	70

"man Writes Eulogistically of the  
"phy of John Reed.



## THE GREEKS.

CHAPTER XXVII.  
MODERN GREECE.

In spite of their misfortunes, the Greeks still cherished a hope of independence. A secret society, called the *Netaira*, was formed among the young people, having for its object the liberation of Greece. In 1820 the first rising took place under Prince Ipsilanti, who had served in the Russian army. The expected Russian support was, however, not forthcoming, and Ipsilanti was forced to flee into Austria. The following year a rising took place all over Greece. The pensins of Attica drove the Turkish garrison out of all Athens but the Acropolis, which they besieged for 83 days. Omar Pasha, with 4,000 Turkish soldiers, came to the relief of the besieged garrison, and routed the 700 Greeks, but no sooner had he turned his back than the Greeks resumed the siege. The

destroyed. After some more fighting in the north, in which General Church led the Greeks, the Turks were finally defeated, and in October, 1828, the Peloponnesus became a free country. Count Capo d'Istria was chosen President, and a Council was elected.

Greece, as a republic, however, proved a failure. Disputes and civil wars were incessant, and the European powers decided, for that reason, that Greece should be governed by a king, aided by a parliament.

As there was no direct claimant to the throne, Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg was chosen, and he accepted at first, but upon obtaining more detailed knowledge of the actual state of things, and of the degenerated morals of the modern Greeks, he declined.

In the meantime things went from bad to worse. Count d'Istria was murdered and two rival councils tried to govern.

In 1832 Otto, a Royal Prince of Bavaria, was chosen as King by the conference in London, which was called to settle the affairs of Greece.

King Otto was only 17 years of age when he took the reins of the government with a guard of Bavarian soldiers. He had a council appointed to rule for him until he should become of



## To Parents, Relations and friends:

We wish search for missing persons in any part of the globe's bereaved and, as far as possible, assist wronged women and children, or any one in difficulty. Address Commissioner Evangelina Booth, 15 Albert St., Toronto, and mark "Inquiry" on the envelope. No fee should be sent, if possible, to defray expenses.

Officers, Soldiers and Friends are requested to look regularly through this column and to notify the Commissioner if they are able to give any information about persons advertised for.

## First insertion.

WILSON, JAMES HERBERT. Age 34, height 5 ft. 9 in., fair hair and complexion, blue eyes. Last heard from in February, 1898, at North Croydon, Queensland. May be in Klondike. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

CAMPBELL, JOSEPH. Age 60, medium height, dark complexion and eyes. Laborer. Last known address Yorkville, Toronto. Wife and daughter extremely anxious to hear from him. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

HIGTON, GEORGE and ALFRED. Last known address Exeter P. O., c.o. Mr. Stringer, Exeter. Parents dead and sister anxious to find him. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

FERGUSON or COVEY, MRS. Last heard from in Pine City, Minn., in 1880. Maiden name Agnes Tate, widow of William Ferguson; supposed to have married again to a lumberman named John Covey. Had a little girl named Ida, now about 25 years of age. May have gone to Duluth. Mother getting old and feeble, would like to find her. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

SCOTT, MRS. AMELIA. Last known address Upper Gullies, South Shore, Newfoundland. Her son William, of the "Teutonic," enquires. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

LARGEST, BRYAN. Left home at Sherbrooke, Que., for Berlin Mills, seeking employment, in November, 1888. Not heard of since. Occupation Insulting, age 21, height 5 ft. 5 in., stout, fair complexion, blue eyes. Reward offered. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

WILSON, JAMES HERBERT. Age 34, height 5 ft. 9 in., light hair, blue eyes, fair complexion. Not heard from since February, 1898, then living at North Croydon, Queensland. Talked of going to Klondike. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

THOMPSON, JAMES HENRY. Height 5 ft. 6 in., fair complexion, blue eyes, bare face, age 25. Left Portage la Prairie to work on Crow's Nest Pass two years ago. Not heard from since. Mother anxious. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

## A FREE GIFT.

Remember, salvation is a free gift, and it is a free gift for us. Can you say it? It is a free gift presented to whosoever will accept it. Suppose we were to say, "I will give this Bible to whosoever" will take it; what have we got to do? Why, nothing but like it. But a man comes forward and says, "I'd like that Bible very much." "Well, didn't I say 'whosoever' will can have it?" "Yes, but I'd like to have you mention my name." "Well, here it is." Still he keeps eyeing the Bible and saying, "I'd like to have that Bible, but I'd like to give you something for it. I don't like to take it for nothing." "But I am not here to sell Bibles; take it if you want it." "Well, I want it, but I'd like to give you something for it. Let me give you a cent for it; though, to be sure, it is worth more than five dollars." Suppose I never let the cent; that man takes up the Bible and marches away home with it. His wife asks, "Where did you get that Bible?" "Oh, I bought it." Mark the point; when he gives the penny it ceases to be a gift. So with salvation. If you were to pay over so little it would not be a gift.—D. L. Moody.

## TIMELY WARNING.

WILL everybody in the Central and East Ontario Provinces be on the look-out for x x x x x x

STAFF-CAPTAIN MANTON, who accompanies Lt.-Col. Margetts on his tour in these Provinces. The Staff-Captain will have with him a quantity of

Guernseys,  
Badges,  
Bands,

and other uniform, and will be prepared to supply goods on the spot. This is a grand opportunity. Don't miss it



### Lord, Take Possession.

Tunes.—Mounmouth (B.J. 222, 1); Madrid (B.J. 173, 2); Eaton (B.J. 167, 2); Sovereignty (B.B. 21, B.J. 220, 1); Stella (B.J. 25, 3); Jesus of Nazareth (slowly).

1 Baptize us now with living faith,  
To claim and take Thee as our  
own.  
That sin to-day may find its death,  
While on our hearts Christ we en-  
throned,  
Thine image stamp on every soul—  
Come, take possession of us all!

We pray, we wait to be set free  
From every clinging doubt and sin;  
We want the Blood-bought liberty  
Which Jesus died for us to win.  
On each this freedom now bestow.  
And let us here Thy nature know.

If we Thy fulness now receive,  
From strength to strength each day  
go on,  
Then all shall see we in Thee live.  
And souls by love to Thee be drawn.  
Around the Mercy Seat we bow.  
Baptize us with Thy spirit now.  
Major Drabble.

### Send Us Showers!

Tune.—There shall be showers of blessing.

2 "There shall be showers of blessing."  
This is the promise of love;  
There shall be seasons refreshing  
Sent from the Saviour above.

#### Chorus.

Showers of blessing, showers of blessing,  
Mercy-drops round us are falling, but  
for the showers we plead.

"There shall be showers of blessing."  
Precious reviving again;  
Over the hills and the valleys,  
Sounds of abundance of rain.

"There shall be showers of blessing."  
Oh, that to-day they might fall.  
Now as to God we're confessing,  
Now as on Jesus we call.

### Glad to Be a Soldier.

Tune.—I'm glad I'm in the Army (B. B. 44, S.M. 1, 2).

3 I will not be discouraged, for Jesus  
is my Friend!  
He'll lend me safe to Glory, and  
keep me to the end.

#### Chorus.

Oh, I'm glad I'm in this Army,  
And I'll battle for the Lord!  
He will give me grace to conquer,  
And keep me to the end.

Fight on, ye valiant soldiers, the battle  
we shall win,  
For the Saviour is our Captain, and  
we shall conquer sin.

And when the battle's over, before  
Him we shall stand;  
We will sing His praise for ever in  
that holy, happy land.

Then with the blest in Glory, all rub-  
bed in dazzling white,  
We will sing the pleasing story, and  
march in Jesus' sight.

### My Lord and My God.

Tune.—H. J. 200, 2.

4 Arise, my soul, arise, shake off thy  
guilty fears,  
The Bleeding Sacrifice in my be-  
half appears,  
Before the Throne my surety stands,  
My name is written on His hands.

He ever lives above for me to Inter-  
cede.

His all-redeeming love, His precious  
blood to plead.  
His blood was shed for all our race.  
And sprinkles now the throne of  
grace.

Five bleeding wounds He bears, re-  
ceived on Calvary.  
They pour effectual prayer, they  
strongly plead for me:  
"Forgive him, oh, forgive," they cry.  
"Nor let that ransomed sinner die."

My God is reconciled, His pardoning  
voice I hear.  
He owns me for His child, I can no  
longer fear;  
With confidence I now draw nigh,  
And Father, Abba, Father, cry.

### On the Cross.

Tunes.—Come to Me (B.J. 102, 2); Be-  
hold the Lamb of God (B.J. 277, 2);  
What's the news? (B.J. 12, 3);  
There is a better world (B.J. 11, 3);  
Christ for me (B.R. 48); Will you  
go? (B. B. 13); We're traveling  
home (B.B. 7).

5 Behold, behold the Lamb of God  
On the Cross!  
For us He shed His precious Blood  
On the Cross!  
Oh, hear His all-important cry,  
"Why perish, Blood-bought sinner—  
why?"  
Draw near and see your Saviour die  
On the Cross!

Come, sinner, see Him lifted up.  
On the Cross!  
He drinks for you the bitter cup—  
On the Cross!  
The rocks do rend, the mountains  
quake,  
While Jesus doth salvation make—  
While Jesus suffers for our sake—  
On the Cross!

And now the mighty deed is done—  
On the Cross!  
The battle's fought, the victory's won  
On the Cross!  
To heaven He turns His dying eyes,  
"Tis finished!" now the Conqueror  
cries;  
Then bows His sacred head and dies—  
On the Cross!

Where'er I go I'll tell the story  
Of the Cross!  
In nothing else my soul shall glory.  
Save the Cross!  
Yes, this my constant theme shall be,  
Through time and in eternity,  
That Jesus tasted death for me—  
On the Cross!

### Mercy, Sinner.

Tunes.—Way down upon the Swanee  
River; or, All the world can ne'er  
console thee (B.J. 157).

6 In love we now entreat you, sinner,  
Your sins forsake;  
Lest they at death should meet  
you, sinner,  
Bound for the burning lake.

#### Chorus.

In this day of mercy, sinner,  
Jesus waits to save;  
Life is uncertain, and to-morrow  
You may be in your grave.

Life is at best uncertain, sinner,  
Soon all gone by;  
This night may fall the curtain, sin-  
ner,  
And you be called to die.

From all your guilt and sorrow, sinner,  
You can be free;  
You may not see to-morrow, sinner,  
Let Christ your Saviour be.

What we slug of salvation, sinner,  
We know is true:  
Through Jesus, fire damnation, sin-  
ner,  
Then you shall know it too.

### EXTRA SPECIAL.

#### An Up-to-Date Solo.

Tune.—Soldiers of the Queen.  
We are soldiers fighting for Je-  
hovah

7 In the great Salvation Army;  
Years in sin we played the wild, wild  
rover,  
Satan had us long in slavery.  
Victims to his clever, crafty, cunning  
ways,  
Long He held us by his spell;  
Him we gave the slip, we found out  
his trick.

He was leading us direct to hell,  
Yes, he was leading us direct to hell.  
Now, if anyone should ask us  
How we intend to spend our lives—

#### Chorus.

In the service of the King, of course,  
Our life for Him we count as dross;  
We'll fight for Him whatever the cost,  
Beneath the Yellow, Red, and Blue.  
And when our work down here is done,  
Our battles fought and victories won,  
A glad well-done He'll give to every-  
one

Who spent their life for Him.

We are soldiers fighting in the Army  
God has raised the world to win;  
For He saw the need and in His mercy  
Gave us a remedy for sin.

In His love He gave His only Son to  
die,  
Opened up a way to heaven;  
Jesus is the way, and the only way.  
Though Him everyone may be for-  
given,

And have a blessed transport safe to  
heaven!  
We have shipped and bound for Glory,  
And this is how we spend our time—

We are soldiers and we fight to con-  
quer,  
We are sure of certain victory;  
On our side we have a conquering  
Saviour.

By His might He gave us liberty.  
In the mire of sin though once we  
sunk so low,

We have proved His power to save;  
Now we long to sing praises unto Him,  
Since His life for us He freely gave,  
We proved no other power but His  
could save.

And since we left the ranks of Satan,  
We now delight to spend our time—

Gr. J. W. Watson,  
Ladysmith.



### LIEUT. COL. MRS. READ

will visit

London, Sat., Sun. and Mon. March 17,  
18, 19.

Orrilla, Sat., Sun. and Mon., April 7,  
8, 9.

Barrie, Tuesday, April 10.

### LIEUT. COL. MARGETTS,

accompanied by

Staff-Captain Manton,

will visit

Aurora, Thursday, March 1.

Newmarket, Friday, March 2.

Barrie, Sat., Sun. and Mon., March 3,  
4, 5.

Midland, Tuesday, March 6.

Orrilla, Wednesday, March 7.

Huntsville, Thurs. and Fri., March  
8, 9.

Bracebridge, Sat. and Sun., March 10,  
11.

Gravenhurst, Monday, March 12.

### BRIGADIER and Mrs. GASKIN

will visit

Temple, Friday, March 2.

Lindsay, Sat., Sun. and Mon.,  
3, 4, 5.

Fenelon Falls, Tuesday, 3.

Ex'bridge, Wednesday, 4.

Lisgar St., Saturday

Sunday, March 5.

Admission 25c